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THE NEW YORKER

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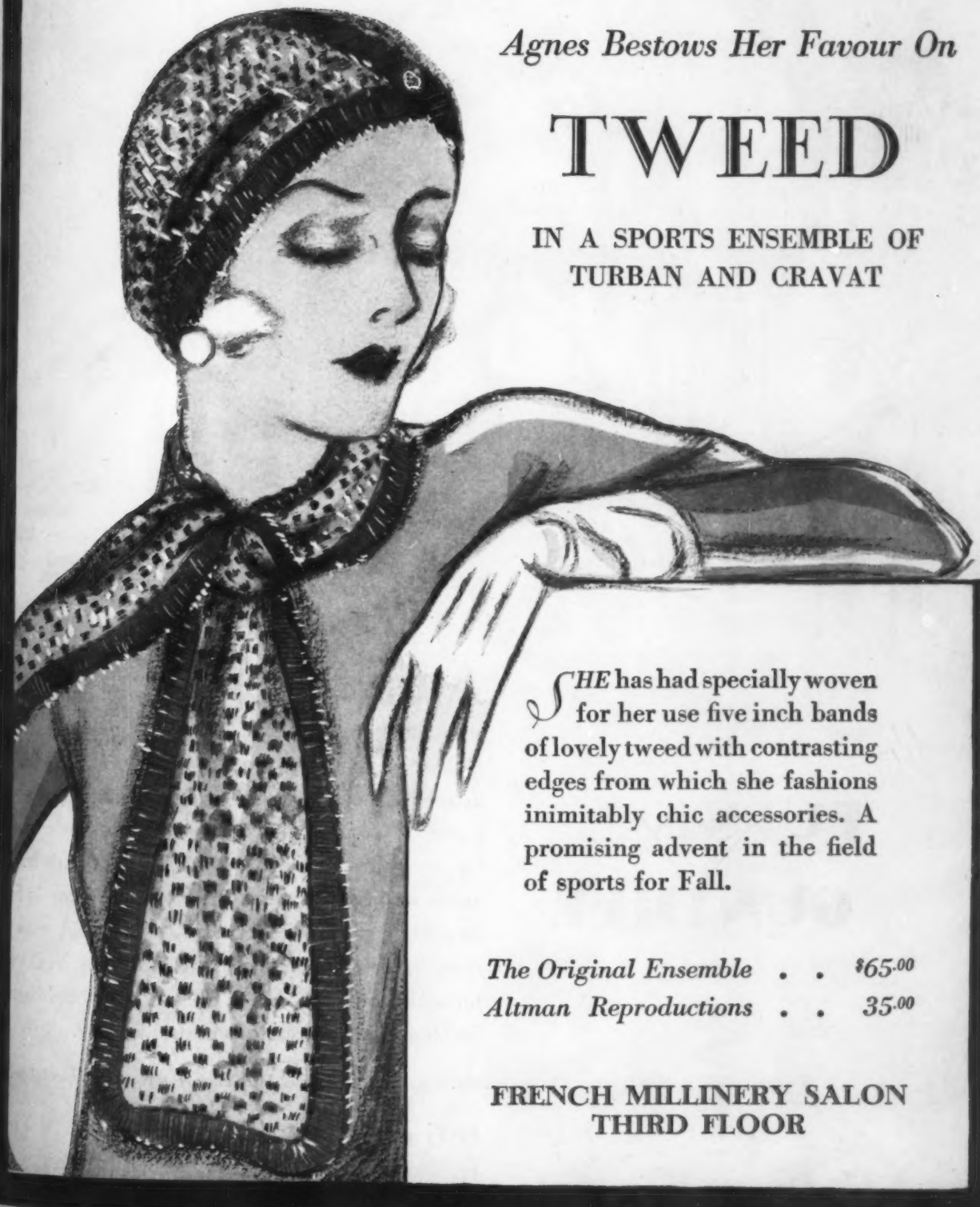

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. V, No. 24, August 3, 1929. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

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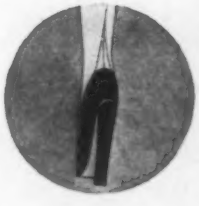

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 10. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M., for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M., for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BIRD IN HAND—Three travellers aid the daughter of a stubborn old English innkeeper to marry against her father's wishes. A quietly amusing comedy by John Drinkwater. (Morosco, 45, W.)

THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE—The Guild pauses in its uplift work to entertain with an unimportant though Czechoslovakian comedy. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—The war as seen from a British officers' dugout. A singularly beautiful and moving play. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

LET US BE GAY—A divorced couple meet at a houseparty three years after. An amusing comedy, with Francine Larrimore. (Little, 44, W. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

NICE WOMEN—An impecunious flapper wisecracks her way into a good marriage. (Longacre, 48, W.)

STREET SCENE—Magnificent objective study of a *crime passionnel* in a New York tenement. (Playhouse, 48, E.)

WITH MUSIC

BROADWAY NIGHTS—Proving that a Shubert revue is a Shubert revue the world around. With Dr. Rockwell. (44th Street, 44, W.)

EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK—A characteristically Earl Carroll show that is good summer entertainment. Will Mahoney is in it. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50. Mat. Thurs.)

FOLLOW THRU—Does for the country club what "Good News" did for higher education. One of the best musicals in town. (46th Street, 46, W.)

HOLD EVERYTHING!—The prizefight theme in a swift and pleasant musical comedy. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

HOT CHOCOLATES—Dark gaiety and dancing which begins marvellously but doesn't sustain itself. (Hudson, 44, E. Mat. Thurs. Special performance Tues. at midnight.)

THE LITTLE SHOW—A gay, smart, summer revue with Clifton Webb, Libby Holman, and Fred Allen. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THE NEW MOON—Operatic love, misunderstanding, and adventure in old Louisiana. (Imperial, 45, W.)

A NIGHT IN VENICE—A rowdy Shubert extravaganza, with the engaging Ted Healy as master of ceremonies. (Shubert, 44, W.)

SHOW GIRL—Handsome but slightly below-par Ziegfeld show, which has Ruby Keeler Jolson and Jimmie Durante as its chief assets. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

WHOOPEE—Beautiful but not dumb: Eddie Cantor is the star. Reopens Mon. Eve., Aug. 5. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

•

HOBOKEN—Dion Boucicault's veteran melodrama, "After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow," played just as it was fifty years ago, is at the Old Rialto, 118 Hudson St. (Hoboken 8088). Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. (Take Hudson Tubes from 6 Ave. and 33, or Cortlandt St., to Hoboken Sta., which is a few blocks from the theatre. By motor, use Holland Tunnel, or W. 23rd St. ferry.)

VAUDEVILLE—Bill Robinson and Frances Williams will be at the Palace, Fri., Aug. 2. John Charles Thomas will be there for the week starting Sat., Aug. 3. (Palace, B'way between 46 and 47. 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:15 P.M.)

FOR DINING AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—The Italian Garden for dinner dancing in the Park Avenue manner.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Joseph Urban décor and music by Leo Reisman's orchestras; dancing during dinner and after the theatre.*

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 0351)—Rudy Vallée and his band during supper in cool and agreeable surroundings.*

ROOFS—Ritz-Carlton Roof, Madison at 46 (Plaza 4600), redecorated as a Persian Garden; open for dinner and dancing until 11 P.M. Must dress. . . . St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. and 55 (Plaza 4500), a magnificent view and Vincent Lopez music; open until 2 A.M. Must dress. . . . Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn (Main 8100), a fine view of the harbor. . . . Other roofs are: Astor, B'way at 44; Biltmore Cascades, Madison at 43; McAlpin, B'way at 34; Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55; Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33. Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45, isn't a roof, but is usually cool and airy.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Among the night clubs of this type staying open in summer: Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, with a roof that slides back on hot nights. . . . Casanova Roof, 134 W. 52, where you will find Frances Williams and Jack Smith entertaining.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—With that certain touch, and not very expensive: The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

HARLEM—The most low-down and amusing places do not welcome unknown whites, but you will enjoy The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142; Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131; and Small's, 7 Ave. at 134. Go very late.

•

JUST-OUT-OF-TOWN—A few of the better-known roadhouses within an hour's drive of Times Square are: Ben Riley's Arrowhead Inn, Riverdale Ave. at 246, dancing and refreshments on the terrace; open until 2 A.M. . . . Pavillon Royal, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L. I., good food and Arnold Johnson's orchestra; open until 2 A.M. . . . Show Place, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L. I., Texas Guinan's summer home. . . . Coney Island tourists might try: Feltman's Maple Garden, Surf Ave., Coney Island; and Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay.

MOTION PICTURES

(All-talking unless otherwise noted.)

ALIBI—The underworld and its ways again. Expertly and dramatically photographed, and exciting enough for anyone. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat., Aug. 10; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE COCOANUTS—Uproarious comedy by the Brothers Marx, but the music and dancing are nothing much. (Lexington, Lexington at 51, and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 6 and 7; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE FOUR FEATHERS—Worth while for a few fine African scenes. Silent. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

THE MYSTERIOUS DR. FU MANCHU—The familiar thrillers screened at last. Plenty of excitement, though slowed up by the talk-

(Continued on page 6)

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
BRYANT 6300

BLACK MAGIC

A POWDER BLENDED WITH SCIENTIFIC ACCURACY BY THE WORLD'S GREAT AUTHORITIES . . .

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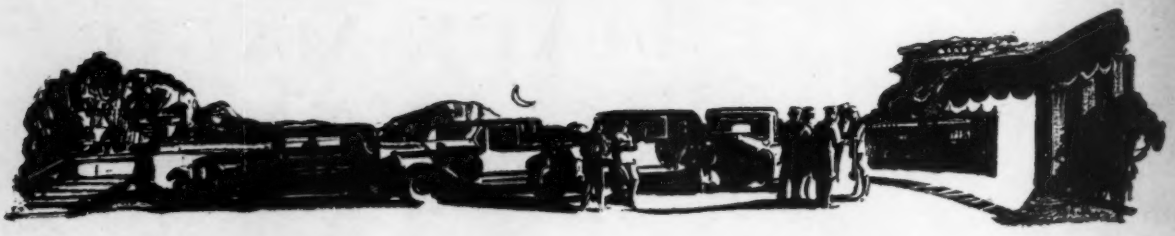


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 10. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

(Continued from page 4)

ing effects. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 9:45 A.M.)

THUNDERBOLT—Another good underworld picture, with George Bancroft as the genial gang-leader. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 3-5; performances continuous from 1 P.M. Also, Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat., Aug. 10.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Bulldog Drummond," a diverting tale of various horrors, with especially good photography, and Ronald Coleman as the young hero; "Charming Sinners," movie version of Somerset Maugham's "The Constant Wife," admirably played by Ruth Chatterton; "Piccadilly," entertaining silent English film of London night life, with Gilda Gray and Anna May Wong; "Wonder of Women," tragic story of a musician's wife, especially well acted by Peggy Wood.

OPENING OF NOTE

SAY IT WITH SONGS—The latest Al Jolson talkie. (Warner, B'way at 52. Opens Tues., Aug. 6, at 8:45 P.M. Performances daily thereafter at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

ART

AMERICANS—Best of the younger group: Kuniyoshi, Blume, Dickinson, etc.: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

IMPRESSIONISTS—Masters of the French school: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

MATULKA—A representative showing of a sincere American painter: 301 Philosophy Hall, Columbia University, B'way at 116. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until noon; closes Fri., Aug. 9.

MODERNS—Examples of the best contemporary European and American artists: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

MORE MODERNS—Collection of good American and French painters: G. R. D. Studio, 58 W. 55. Open Fridays only, 1 to 6 P.M.

NOTE—The exhibit of contemporary American decorative art at the Metropolitan Museum will continue until September. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

GOLDMAN BAND—Concerts nightly at 8:45 P.M.; Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sun. Eves. on Central Park Mall. . . . Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. on N. Y. U. Campus. (Take East Side-Jerome Ave. subway to N. Y. U.-Burnside Ave. Sta.)

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony, Albert Coates conducting; concerts nightly at 8:30 P.M. (Ruth St. Denis, Ted Shawn, and the Denishawn Dancers will appear Tues., Wed., and Thurs. Eves., Aug. 6, 7, and 8.): Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136. (Take B'way subway to W. 137 St. Sta., or Bus No. 5.)

ON THE AIR

GOLDMAN BAND—Concerts on N. Y. U. Campus broadcast Sat. Eves., Aug. 3 and 10, at 8:45 P.M., over WJZ.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Shilkret conducting: Sat., Aug. 3, at 9 P.M., over WEAF.

CHAMBER MUSIC—Old-world trio of ancient instruments: Sun., Aug. 4, at 2:30 P.M., over WEAF.

SACRED MUSIC—Compositions by Gounod, Elgar, and others; orchestra, choir, and soloists: Sun., Aug. 4, at 4 P.M., over WABC.

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony, Albert Coates conducting: Sun., Aug. 4, at 8:30 P.M., over WOR.

PAUL WHITEMAN—And his orchestra: Tues., Aug. 6, at 9 P.M., over WABC.

UNITED SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—George Rymer, tenor soloist: Wed., Aug. 7, at 9 P.M., over WOR.

LIGHT OPERA—"Pirates of Penzance," by Gilbert and Sullivan: Wed., Aug. 7, at 10:30 P.M., over WEAF. . . . "Blossom Time," Act. I: Fri., Aug. 9, at 9:30 P.M., over WJZ.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Fri. and Sat., Aug. 2 and 3, at 3 P.M., and Sun., Aug. 4, at 1:30 P.M. (doubleheader); Yankees vs. Washington, Tues., Aug. 6, at 1:30 P.M. (doubleheader). (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or East Side-Jerome Ave. subway.) . . . At Polo Grounds: Giants vs. Cincinnati, Fri., Aug. 9, at 3:15 P.M., and Sat., Aug. 10, at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.)

BOXING—Bouts at Ebbets Field, Sullivan St., near Franklin Ave., Brooklyn, Wed. Eve., Aug. 7; preliminaries at 8:15 P.M. (Take B. M. T.-Brighton Line train to Prospect Park.)

GOLF—Long Island Open Championship, Salisbury Links, Salisbury Plains, L. I., Mon. through Wed., Aug. 5-7. . . . New Jersey Open, Elmwood G. C., Paterson, N. J., Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 8-10.

HORSE SHOW—Monmouth County Horse Show, Rumson C. C., Rumson, N. J., Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 8-10.

POLO—Play at Fleischmann Field, Sands Point, Port Washington, L. I., every Sun. Aft., at 4. (Train leaves Penn. Sta., L. I. R. R., at 2:24 P.M.) . . . Tournament play at the Rumson Country Club, Rumson, N. J., starts Sat. Aft., Aug. 3.

RACING—Saratoga, N. Y.; races weekdays at 3 P.M. (Last train leaves Grand Central at 10:03 A.M. The Saturday special leaves at 9:35 A.M.)

TENNIS—Invitation tournament, Sea Bright Lawn Tennis and Cricket Club, Sea Bright, N. J., last two days, Fri. and Sat., Aug. 2 and 3. (Take Sandy Hook boats leaving Pier 10, N. R., foot of Cedar St., at 9:10 and 10:15 A.M., and 1 P.M.) . . . Women's Invitation tournament, Maidstone Club, East Hampton, L. I., Sat. through Mon., Aug. 3-5. . . . Men's Invitation, Meadow Club, Southampton, L. I., Mon. through Sat., Aug. 5-10. (Train for Southampton and East Hampton leaves Penn. Sta., L. I. R. R., at 9:55 A.M.) . . . Wightman Cup matches, West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L. I., Fri. and Sat., Aug. 9 and 10, at 3 P.M. (Trains leave Penn. Sta., L. I. R. R., at 1:33 and 2:07 P.M. Additional train Sat. only at 1:41 P.M.)

YACHTING—Stamford Yacht Club Regatta Sat. Aft., Aug. 3. . . . Annual New York Yacht Club Cruise: Rendezvous at New Haven, Thurs., Aug. 8; New Haven to Greenport, Fri., Aug. 9; Greenport to Fort Pond Bay, Sat., Aug. 10. . . . Huguenot Yacht Club, New Rochelle, Regatta, Sat. Aft., Aug. 10.

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly reminder for readers who plan ahead.)

BOXING—Bouts at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn: Victorio Campolo vs. Tom Heeney, Aug. 14; Kid Chocolate vs. Bud Taylor, Aug. 21.

DOG SHOWS—Rhode Island Kennel Club, Newport, R. I., Aug. 24. . . . North Shore Kennel Club, Smithtown, L. I., Aug. 31. . . . Fairfield County Hunt Club, Westport, Conn., Sept. 2. . . . Tuxedo Kennel Club, Tuxedo Park, N. Y., Sept. 14.

GOLF—National Amateur Championship, Pebble Beach, Calif., Sept. 2-7.

HORSE SHOWS—Montauk Horse Show, Montauk, L. I., Aug. 13-15. . . . Newport Horse Show, Newport, R. I., Aug. 15-17. . . . East Hampton Riding Club, East Hampton, L. I., Aug. 17. . . . Ox Ridge Hunt Club, Darien Conn., Aug. 24. . . . Southampton Riding and Hunt Club, Southampton, L. I., Aug. 24. . . . Philadelphia Riders and Drivers, Sept. 11-14. . . . Far Hills, N. J., Sept. 13 and 14.

MUSIC—Goldman Band outdoor concerts end Aug. 18. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Lewisohn Stadium, through Aug. 29.

POLO—Rumson Country Club Tournament, Rumson, N. J., through Aug. 17. . . . Open Championship, Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, L. I., starts Sept. 2.

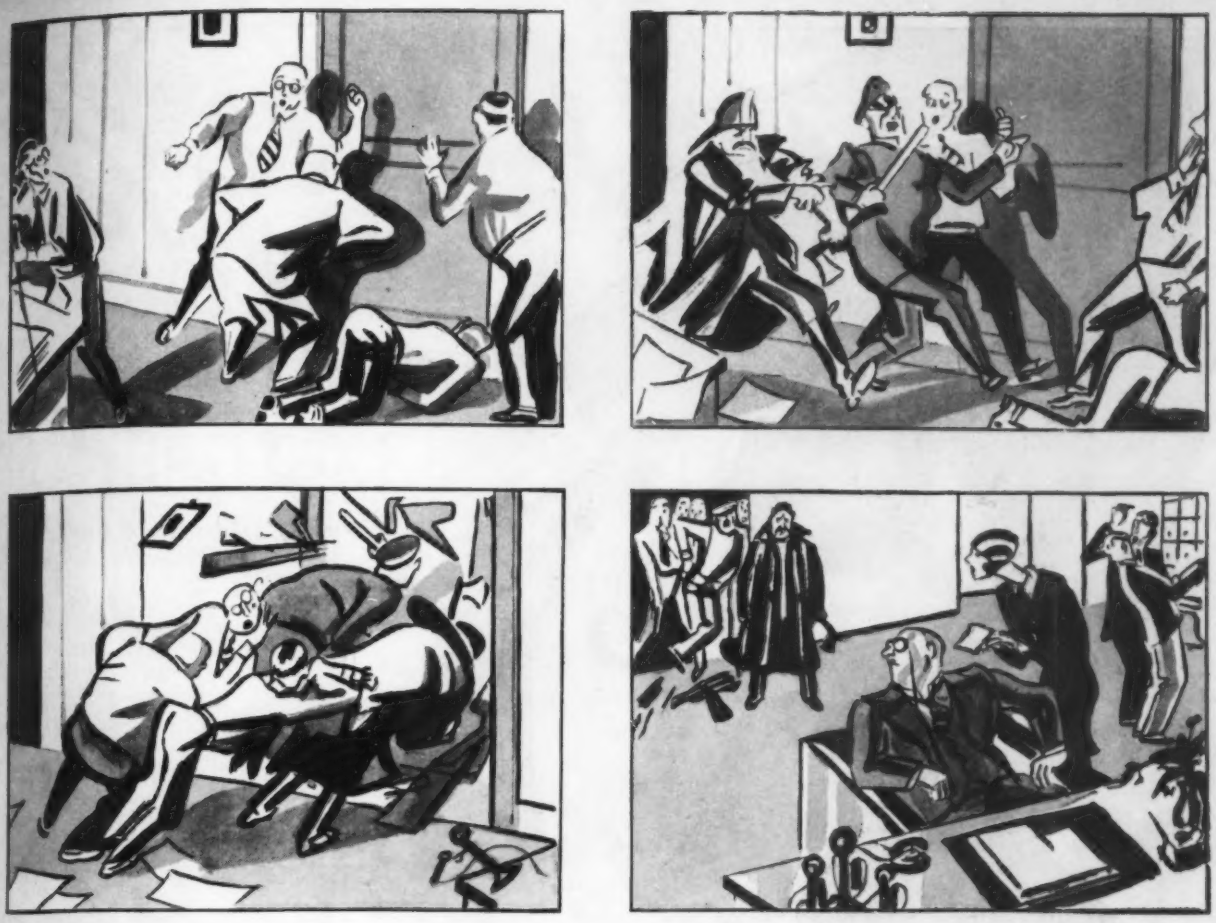
RACING—Saratoga, N. Y., through Aug. 31. . . . Belmont Park, Sept. 2-16. . . . Aqueduct, Sept. 16-Oct. 1.

TENNIS—Eastern Turf Court Championships, Westchester C. C., Rye, N. Y., Aug. 10-18. . . . Newport Casino Invitation Tournament, Newport, R. I., starts Aug. 19. . . . Women's National Championships, Forest Hills, L. I., Aug. 19-24. . . . Men's National Doubles, Longwood C. C., Chestnut Hill, Mass., Aug. 26-31. . . . East-West Matches, Forest Hills, L. I., Aug. 31 and Sept. 2. . . . Men's National Championships, Forest Hills, L. I., Sept. 7-14.

THEATRE OPENINGS (Dates uncertain)—"Murray Anderson's Almanac," with Trixie Friganza: Erlanger Theatre, Aug. 14. . . . "Gambling," a comedy by and with George M. Cohan: Fulton Theatre, Aug. 26. . . . "Scarlet Pages," with Elsie Ferguson and Claudette Colbert: Eltinge Theatre, Sept. 9. . . . Eva Le Gallienne's production of Tchekov's "The Sea Gull:" Civic Repertory Theatre, Sept. 16. . . . "Great Day!" the much-postponed Vincent Youmans musical comedy: Cosmopolitan Theatre, Sept. 16. . . . "Sweet Adeline," a musical comedy by Oscar Hammerstein, 2nd, and Jerome Kern, with Helen Morgan: Hammerstein's Theatre, Sept. 16. . . . "By Candlelight," a comedy from the German, with Gertrude Lawrence and Leslie Howard: Empire Theatre, Sept. 30.

YACHTING—Astor Cup Races, Newport, Aug. 13. . . . King's Cup Races, Newport, Aug. 17. . . . Class M Races for the New York Y. C. Cup, Newport, Aug. 19-21. . . . Seawanhaka Cup Races, Sept. 7-12. . . . Saturday Regattas on Long Island Sound through Aug. and Sept.

OTHER DATES—Labor Day is Mon., Sept. 2. . . . Quarterly income-tax payments are due Sept. 15.



"What the . . !"

An Absorbing Talkie in Four Reels

SCENE I— *Avid conferees strain ears and galluses outside the office of Amalgamated Mucilage, Incorporated. Silence reigns, profound and terrifying. Conferees: "What the . . !"*

SCENE II— *Suspecting wholesale dirty work Conferees summon the long arm of the Law. The Law: "What the . . !"*

SCENE III— *Portal yields to sustained battering by the Law and the Conferees to the combined tune of "What the . . !"*

SCENE IV— *Ah, happy ending! They find "business as usual"— but quietized by Mohawk carpets! The Law, the Conferees, the Staff, in chorus: "What the . . !"*

SHOULD you, too—following the example of business leaders harassed by needless noise—do so civilized a thing as to install Mohawk carpeting in *your* office, we can't guarantee you freedom from police molestation, of course; but, what is most important of all, we can assure you of the novel opportunity to hear yourself—and others—think!

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of ruddy-brown...with bag to match

the formal oxford...now as necessary as the sports oxford...in a combination of suede, kid and lizard, with contrasting pipings . . . 22.50
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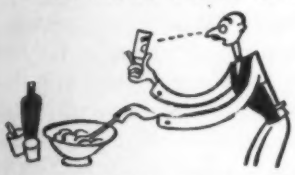
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

POOH, we have always said, Europe is safe! What if Madrid does take to skyscrapers; what if Paris does fell a tree here and there along the boulevard to make room for more taxicabs. There is bound to be a little of the Booster even in the best Pan-European. Did not a delegation from the Rotary Club of Rome visit Maleventum in 268 B.C., and induce the inhabitants to change the name to Beneventum? There has always been a little of the Babbitt abroad, but not enough to hurt. Nothing really terrible can ever happen to spoil Europe. Even should the big cities become high-powered, life will continue to flow on in the obscure places, smooth as the beer in Munich. The *ranz des vaches* will be heard in



the Alps. Toledo's crooked streets will defy even Fords. Manx cats will continue to thrive without tails. There is an unchanging order about these things—or so we said. We argued the point as we mixed a hot-day salad; and raising the paprika for the just-so *soupçon*, read in plain letters on the little red can: "Paprika put Szeged on the map." We flung the can into the melting pot and let it go at that. Szeged. We can't even pronounce it.

AMONG the fairly recent arrivals in the field of "specialists" are dentists. There is the root-canal man, and there is the rubber-plate man—each with his special dispositional qualities, his digital dexterities. Two seconds of quiet computation have convinced us that dentists are easily the richest people in the world. Any good surgeon dentist in New York charges a dollar a minute; and he's

busy every minute. All this reminds us that we have just seen the happiest man in town: he doesn't have to go again for five weeks.

DESPITE an amusing couplet which has stuck in our mind:

> Girls who go to dinner Dutch
> Never will amount to much—

we still find that a modicum of reputable women are eager to pay half our dinner check. It seems to give them a sense of independence, and a broad-minded starveling like ourself would be a fool to rob them of the pleasure. There's one little matter, though, that we'd like to call to the attention of these unrestrained and splendid creatures—we wish they would agree on the method of computing their share of the bill and passing out the money. The way things are now, a man hardly knows what to expect in public. Some-

times, during the dessert course, he'll feel a pressure on his knee and find that a five-dollar bill is being pressed against him under the table. Sometimes, the waiter having brought the check, the man must sit around uneasily while his charming partner loudly adds up her asparagus and shrimps so that all the diners may hear, determining to a penny the amount of her indebtedness. The worst situation is apt to arise in restaurants where the check must be paid to a cashier on the way out; we were in such a place the other night when our Amazonian guest suddenly decided that she ought to pay the check herself, and proceeded to do so with a great flourish, while we hung around over by the umbrella-stand, trying to look as though we were seeing about the umbrellas.

WHERE the Rhinelander houses now stand, looking genteelly at Washington Square, a large apartment will soon be built. The news of this

change was one of the inconspicuous items of the late season, a melancholy little item, autumnal in tone. Not many places in New York retain anything of the last century's repose and dignity; the north side of the Square is one spot that still does, and we hate to bid it goodbye. There is one thing, though, that compensates in a measure for the loss of old residences: many of the new towers which rise from the brick ruins are beautiful monuments to their memory. For a long time we resented the pompous shaft of One Fifth Avenue, glowering down on the cobbles of Washington Mews. But lately, seeing its beetling sides in the sun of morning, guided by its two yellow eyes in the mist of night, we have become recon-

ciled to its magnificent presence. If it went, we would miss it—just as we shall soon be missing the fine old Rhinelander houses.

Minute Man

A BUSINESSMAN called on an efficiency engineer in Madison Avenue to get some advice about his office, which seemed to be slowly going to pieces. During the talk, the visitor was startled by the sharp tones of a pink enamelled alarm clock on the efficiency man's desk. The clock showed 11:08. The engineer instantly rose, shut off the clock, and extended his hand. He just had seven minutes, he said, to get to the Chanin Building for an 11:15 appointment—exactly the right amount of time. He says he sets the clock for every appointment, because even a good secretary is only human and will frequently be from twenty-five to thirty seconds out of the way.

Candy and Soda

OUR latest discovery among the little-known geniuses of the city is the Intemann family, confectioners. Ernest Intemann, Sr., was the first to make fresh-fruit ice cream, and his son, Ernest, Jr., inspired the soda fountain. But for them, a drugstore wouldn't be what it is today.

Intemann, Sr.'s, discovery was made in 1872, twelve years after his arrival from Hungary. After hours in an ice-cream factory in which he was employed he experimented with his great idea of combining crushed fruit and ice cream. He worked with strawberries first, because he liked their taste best. At first he succeeded only in freezing them as hard as walnuts, but one night the right formula came. He immediately rented a little store at 53 Sixth Avenue. His success was tremendous in the next few years. The city flocked to his doors. He moved to larger quarters at No. 51, next door. The store has remained there since.

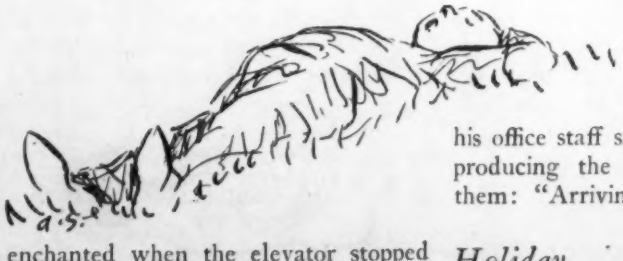
During this time, and for long afterward, the soda fountain was an awkward contrivance built in or attached to the wall. The clerk had to turn his back on the customer to get at his spigots. Intemann, Jr., thought that a bar, across which he could look his patrons in the eye, would be chummier. He went to a manufacturer, and hence the soda fountain, practically as we know it today. At any rate the first one made is still in Intemann's, having given, as a little placard on the wall states, continuous satisfaction.

Relatively, Intemann's isn't as important as it once was. The Hortons and the Huylers handle the business in a broad-scale way now. Curiously, David Huyler, who founded the Huyler Company, was among Intemann's early customers. He was a baker in those days. One of his whims was to break up the hard molasses in the bottom of barrels and pass it out to the boys of the neighborhood. When the elders began to ask for it, Huyler dropped his bakery and opened a candy store at Broadway and Eighteenth Street, the first of the many Huyler stores.

Intemann's hasn't changed much in half a century. The counters are still stocked with old-fashioned candies—caraway seeds, cinnamon "hot drops," licorice shoelaces, Long Tom chewing-gum, etc., and although modern children rarely ask for these confections any more, a number of old ladies in the neighborhood buy them steadily. Groups of cronies drop in of evenings to chat, and around Christmas time they all help pull taffy for the peppermint sticks which have always been a specialty of the store. Intemann, Sr., died in 1922, but his son still mixes soda and serves ice cream for his customers. His greatest pleasure is a visit from some patron of the early days. Not long ago an elderly couple had a quiet dish of cream together and on leaving, asked if they might keep the soda-check for a souvenir. Fifty years ago, they said, they had become engaged at Intemann's over a dish of ice cream, and this was their golden-wedding anniversary.

Ici On Parle Français

COMING down in the elevator of a Madison Avenue apartment building, a group of merry folk were



enchanted when the elevator stopped at the tenth floor and on stepped one of those old men who wear the uniform of the Western Union. This old fellow was bowed, and had a white beard. Looking first at him and then at her friends, a lady in the party said, "*Ah, regardez le petit garçon.*" Whereupon the messenger turned to her and said, sadly, "*Vous avez raison, madame, je suis un petit garçon.*" Discomfort was acute in the cramped car. The group was silent. They let the old gentleman step out first. He turned with a bow, and said, "You know, madam, it is not safe to speak *any* language carelessly in New York." He went on his way.

Overlooked

WHILE looking through the indices at the Public Library, a man from Pennsylvania discovered that the late Senator Boies Penrose has been overlooked by the diligent biographers, only two references being listed, and these both mere magazine sketches. The famous Republican leader, he says, is an attractive subject for a book. He told us about Penrose's first meeting with Stokowski. "Would you believe it?" said the Senator afterward. "The poor fellow doesn't even know what the hell ward he lives in." Penrose was well-born and well-educated; his vulgarity was a pose to win the common people. He deliberately avoided all exercise so that he would look like the cartoonists' portrayal of a bloated politician. A dandy idea for a biography—if any of the writers want it.

Garbled

THE distinguished secretary of some such society as the Association for Getting Names to a Petition to Outlaw War, who never, never underestimates his own importance, recently cabled his New York office from Paris as follows: "Arriving Berengaria. Inform All." He wanted all the citizens and reporters to meet him at the pier so he could tell them about what he had been doing in Europe, and what conditions really are over there. Nobody at all met him, however, and the members of his office staff saved their jobs only by producing the cable, as received by them: "Arriving Berne. Informal."

Holiday

SOMETIMES, of a Sunday, the street-cleaner whose workaday career takes him up and down the gutters of Broadway between Forty-sev-

enth and Forty-ninth Streets drops over from his home to see how things are getting on, bringing with him his two sons, aged about four or five. He takes them over his route proudly, like the skipper of the Hesperus. Occasionally he introduces them to people he knows. Last Sunday it was the proprietor of an orange-drink stand who presented the youngsters with some orangeade and chewing-gum, and a candy merchant who was pretty liberal with lollypops. On this occasion, the younger son got sleepy and the father got out his cart, set him in it, kissed him (the family is Italian), and took him for a short ride.

Cage Delivery

THE escape of a green parrot from a Long Island household brought the neighborhood on the run. Everybody turned out—gardeners, houseboys, entire families, several school-children, a butcher's helper, and a small but earnest detachment from the local fire department. The owner of the parrot, a lady with a hysterical affection for her pet, went all to pieces immediately.

"The first thing we've got to do," she screamed, "is to *find* him. And the only way we can locate him is by laughing—he answers a laugh. Like this: ha ha ha ha ha!"

"Heh heh heh," echoed the butcher's boy, exploding in honest amusement.

"That's right," said the lady, "ha ha ha; now we'll all go round laughing in different directions and give the call."

"Aaaaw, haaaw, haaw, haaw; aaaw, haaw, haaw, haaw,"

began a solemn deep-throated old gardener who had a secret sorrow but a great loyalty, and the community chuckling commenced—on lawn and terrace, up wold and barrow, through orchard and garden, a demoniac mirth floating strangely on the air of a Long Island July morning. A passing motorist stopped his car. "Whas a joke?" he wanted to know.

It got hard to laugh after a while. The people had to resort to standard excitations—tickling, saying funny things.

"Now all stop," cried the lady, "and let *me* laugh alone; he knows *my* laugh." She did laugh, a long frightened cackle, full of human woe and insanity. Everybody listened. The silence was unbroken. People sort of went home.

Later in the day the parrot was discovered in a grape arbor by a rather gloomy little girl.

Chief Inspector

MR. WHALEN's Chief of Staff, John O'Brien, may often be seen, on important occasions, two paces to the rear of the Commissioner, rising quietly on his toes, settling back on his heels, rising again. This practice has kept the Chief Inspector in good, springy condition for years, and prevents one from guessing that he is really sixty-one. He doesn't inhale and exhale, just exercises his arches. Very important, he will tell you.

The Chief Inspector makes a good

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"He wanted to ride on a train where there was tunnels."

appearance in blue and braid. His hair is thinning and his jowls are heavy, but his waist is slender and his feet small and trim. "Wear a 9-C shoe—dress shoes only 9-B," he says. His rise in the department has been in conformity with his energetic nature. He was made a sergeant in 1898 after six years on a beat and has been promoted regularly every five or six years since then. He became inspector, ordinary, fifteen years ago, deputy chief in 1923, chief the day Whalen took office.

He has had some strenuous experiences and remembers one especially. Once, in the nineties, when he was walking a beat in West Twenty-fifth Street at night, he saw a blaze in a second-story window, ran inside the house, sprang to the top of the first flight of stairs, and was whammed over the helmet by a bed slat in the hands of a drunken maniac. O'Brien duelled with his adversary in the dark, using his nightstick. Meanwhile the building blazed from the fire, which the madman had set. O'Brien beat his man down and got him outside in time. Next to rising on his toes, a policeman, the inspector thinks, should practice using his nightstick oftener than anything else. He is considered one of the most expert men in the department in handling one.

Another incident of his career is cited by colleagues as an instance of his tact—he is mild-spoken and courteous and believes in diplomacy. Ten years ago he had a little tiff with Joseph Tumulty, then secretary to President Wilson. The President was going to speak in Carnegie Hall and Tumulty had fallen into an argument with a patrolman who refused to admit some important people. The cop, possibly a Republican, shoved Mr. Tumulty and the latter called for his secret-service men. O'Brien hurriedly came up and gently placed his hand on the secretary's arm to reason the thing out. Mr. Tumulty thereupon dashed the arm away and said, "Take your hands off me." Secret-service men closed in. New York cops glowered. O'Brien smiled, bowed Mr. Tumulty and his charges into the hall, and the incident was closed without an arrest or a knockdown. His judgment in such situations is considered excellent by his chief, who almost always has him at hand.

The chief of cops is an optimistic man. He thinks conditions in the department have improved steadily. He can remember when there were no patrol-wagons and a copper had to walk or drag his man to the station-house. In those days a policeman got only one day off every month and sometimes not that.

Urgent

AN obliging person copied the following extract, verbatim, from the daily-record sheet of a local social-welfare agency: "Telephone from Mrs. B—— in which she said she was in immediate need of assistance. Said there were only two things left for her to do—kill herself or become an immoral woman. Worker Jones advised her to phone later in the day."

Diamond Curb

MEMBERS of the John Street curb market for diamonds, middle-aged, prosperous-looking men who spend business hours bargaining on the sidewalk in front of a certain jewelry store, eat lunch together in a cafeteria next door. The proprietor of this eating-place not only feeds the traders at nominal cost but keeps their secrets and goes on their notes. We learned from him that little important trading in jewelry is done in John Street. The brokers, who get much of their stock from the obligatory public auctions of pawned diamonds, are not rich men. The ambition of most of them is to acquire an uptown office. Many of the wholesale dealers with offices in the Harriman National Bank Building got their start in John Street.

"Mrs. Bidget, there's real character in these beans."

"Do you suppose they can ever insulate them against gravity?"

All the curb brokers are expert jewellers and most of them have worked on the benches, cutting and polishing stones. They sell principally to the agents of small stores who pass among them making known their wants. Each broker carries his stock in his vest pocket in a fold of tissue paper. Outside of trading hours, they keep their diamonds in safe-deposit boxes. At times the wealthier members of the curb have eighty or a hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds in their pockets, but they carry neither insurance nor pistols. The district is heavily policed by plain-clothes detectives. Sometimes a trader from out of town wins the confidence of the curb market, gets diamonds on memoranda, and disappears. But this happens rarely. Most of the brokers trade only with men they have known for years, a necessary precaution because of the fantastic freedom of credit they allow each other. Written memoranda are never given. Often a diamond passes through five or six hands on sales made simply by word of mouth. When the final deal is complete, cash or cheques are in turn exchanged all down the line, each agent taking his five-per-cent commission.

A JEWELLER named Louis D. Folkart is supposed to have started the curb market, unintentionally, about twenty-five years ago. He used to send agents to pawnshop auctions of jewelry. Other jewellers, wanting the stones he bought, but unwilling to boost the price by bidding against him at the sale, waited in John Street for the agents to pass by on their way back to Folkart's store. This led by degrees to the practice of selling stones on the street. The jeweller in front of whose store the traders now elect to stand periodically offers them an office, rent free, in his loft, if they will stop blocking his window. They won't move. They prefer the sidewalk.

Without revealing any secrets we can state that smuggled and stolen diamonds have been known to get into circulation through this market. Their identity is rarely established. A little while ago, however, a twelve-carat stone, coming from the curb, turned up in the window of a Fifth Avenue jeweller, where it was identified as one that had been stolen six years ago from a lady on Long Island. The lawyer for the lady presented the jeweller's chart of the stone (all important diamonds are charted with their defects and peculiarities, just as dentists chart teeth). He showed that the recovered jewel tallied in every respect. But still, asked opposing counsel, might there not be another stone with the same peculiarities, the same defects? "There might," replied the other in the answer that won the case, "and there might conceivably be another man with features exactly like yours. We do not base our claim on description but on recognition. If I saw you again after six years, I would know you."

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HURRYING through one of the doors of the Chanin Building, a solicitor with a briefcase jostled a man who was polishing the glass. "Excuse me, Jack," he said. The window-cleaner drew himself up. "The name is Crawford," he said coldly.

Twig

THE parents of a fine little man in short pants were pleased, recently, when their son began to evince an interest in poetry. It seemed like the first manifestation of his cultural heritage. He would grow up, they felt, to have good taste. This feeling underwent a slight alteration at a dinner party at the house, which the youngster was allowed to attend. During the dessert course, a large, formidable, elderly lady excused herself and departed. The inspired young poesy lover, his memory full of lyric loveliness, laid down his fork and cried out after the departing figure: "Fare thee well, thou grand old ruin!"

All books have been taken away from him, now. —THE NEW YORKERS

". . . and I consider your conduct unethical and lousy!"

THE STRANGER

ALTHOUGH she had been in New York at least a year and I was a newcomer, I had the feeling that it was my city rather than hers. In the first place she didn't seem to want New York. There are cities that I haven't wanted at all, cities that have let me pass through with a cold indifference on both sides, but she was the only person I had ever seen who really resisted New York.

We lived in the same boarding house and saw more of each other than we would otherwise have done, because we were the only denizens of our floor. It was an old house with big draughty rooms, and there was a smaller living-room that we used to lounge in. She had her job and I was looking for one. To me she was simply one of those enviable people who knew what to do at Ninety-sixth Street when they were on the wrong subway train. I heard her go out in the morning, always at the same time, and I heard her come back at night. She kept a large greasy jar of cold cream on her shelf of the medicine cabinet and on Sunday evening she fixed coffee in her room and bought sandwiches. Sometimes she would bring home a girl for the night, in which case they took more time in the bathroom than I approved of.

She wore quiet clothes with felt hats that were always a little wrong. She had a large pale face with blue eyes and light lashes; when she was quiet she looked as if she worried about money. At first I noticed all these things about her because she was there and I didn't have anything else to do. I think she was glad to have a new person to talk to. She told me where to get cream if I wanted breakfast in my room; she had a few words of advice about the job for which I was looking; she was full of information about transportation—buses, elevateds, street cars. Even now I'm sure I know only half of the things she used to have by heart.

Somehow I didn't want to talk to her. There was my city waiting for me; I had only just come and I was a little afraid. She had a job and didn't seem to worry about losing it, and didn't seem to have any hopes of improving it. She placidly went to work every day; every day she took the same route—in spite of knowing all about those other street cars and things—and worked all day and came home every night and put that cold cream on her face and went to bed. In New York! I thought that it might happen to me too. I began to avoid her. When I found a job and had worked for a week I discovered that I was walking down the same street every day and eating at the same restaurant, and I was badly frightened. I thought of her placid pale face and after that I took elaborate precautions to vary the road to the office. I made a rule never to eat lunch twice in succession at the same place.

OF course I was wrong about her. After a month or two, when the city and I were used to each other and I had other things to think about, she came running in one evening to show me a new dress. It wasn't a very nice dress—one of those very bright blue ones in the lower Broadway shops, with white lace and a short skirt. But she liked it, and of course I said I did. She was rather fluttered because she was going to a party with one of the girls who worked with her and occasionally went to a movie with her. She talked more than usual and smoked a cigarette; we sat for quite a while in my room and discussed movies, I remember. She was making vague plans to keep a cat; the landlady had said she could and she was wondering where to get it and how to take care of it. After she went away to get dressed I remembered how frightened I had been of her when I first came; for a minute I worried because I was not frightened of her any more.

THEN something happened and I forgot. I got sick. For a week I was in bed, and then for a day or two I sat up in that little living-room, reading and thinking. I got acquainted with her again. She came in one Sunday while I had a headache and was lying down. She brought with her a cool damp cloth which she put on my forehead, and she sat down and began to sew. She was making handkerchiefs out of scraps of colored linen—drawing threads out and replacing them with threads of another color—and when she had made a pattern she rolled the edges of the linen and sewed them down. I was feeling lazy and peaceful and it fascinated me to watch her.

"They're for Christmas presents," she explained. "I've always made handkerchiefs all through the year for Christmas. The people at home like them. I make a lot for the church bazaars too."

"What church bazaars?"

"We have them every year at home. The money goes to the associated charities and all the girls turn in and help. They last for three days; there's a play the last night, and a dance afterwards. I remember the time I acted in 'The Servant in the House'—some of the boys who should have fixed the scenery forgot to prop up the door, and just at the last minute—"

Her voice was more animated than it had ever been. I was amazed. She was sewing faster now, and her cheeks were pink. She talked on, remembering other parties that they had had; remembering more stories about "the boys," remembering and describing her first real sleeveless dress—I have never heard anyone talk so much. I enjoyed it. She was being really friendly now; really off her guard. She wasn't looking at me; when the handkerchief was finished, she put it in her lap and looked at the wall as she talked; smiling a little. . . .

I wonder how many people are living in New York and not using it. You would think that the city would burst from so many people. You would think that all the houses would bulge with the thoughts in them about church bazaars and Christmas presents.

SHE started another handkerchief, a yellow one, and began another story about a dance in the next town to hers. A high-school dance with an imported orchestra, she said; four of them were going together in a car, and just as they were starting out . . .

The telephone rang. She started, and looked at me. The yellow linen dropped to her lap; the phone rang again. And her eyes, fixed on me now, were hating. For a minute her expression was dreadful. Her mouth had tightened. Then—

"You answer," she said, in her flat voice. "It's for you. It's always for you. . . ."

—EMILY HAHN

"GOOD HUNTING"

THE scene is a small Hunting Lodge near the Canadian Border, and it is occupied at present by a couple of Prohibition Agents who have come up for the shooting. One of the nicest things about Prohibition is the way it has awakened an interest in shooting among our Border Patrolmen and Coastguardsmen, and taught them to get out into God's great green outdoors and handle a gun. If it had not been for the Eighteenth Amendment, these officials would doubtless be wasting their time today rifling poor-boxes or setting fire to orphan asylums in a hot stuffy city.

The Hunting Lodge in which our scene takes place is furnished with leather settees, gun racks, and a stone fireplace, over which are a pair of crossed rifles, an American flag, and an autographed photograph of Seymour Lowman. There are two occupants of the cabin. The first is a Customs official named Emmet, who is clad in regulation old khaki pants, corduroy coat, dirty cap, and a black mask with two holes for eyes. His companion, a Prohibition Agent named Roy, has just arrived from Aurora and is still in uniform.

As the curtain rises, they stretch their hunting boots toward the crackling blaze, and sip a couple of rye highballs luxuriously.

ROY *(smacking his lips)*—Sure beats Illinois rye, Emmet. Where d'ja get it?

EMMET—We shot a bootlegger by mistake, under the impression he was a private citizen.

ROY—Tst! Tst! Tst! *(He glances at his watch.)* Say, ain't it almost time we got out on the trail?

"Oh Greenwald, get out your cornet and play the Moonlight Sonata!"

EMMET—Naa, it's too light yet. There's no use trying to stop them while they can still see you.

ROY *(wistfully)*—Gee, I haven't killed anything for weeks.

EMMET—Well, just be patient, old man. That's what you come up here for. *(He glances at Roy critically, and shakes his head.)* Afraid you'll have to take that uniform off, though. You'll scare all the game.

ROY—What's the matter with it?

EMMET—They'd see you was a Government agent, and stop before you had a chance to shoot.

(Roy removes his United States Government Badge, and hides it in his pocket.)

EMMET—That's better, Roy. By the way, what kinda gun d'ja bring?

ROY *(proudly)*—My regular 30-30 rifle. I've had a lot of luck with it in Aurora.

EMMET *(smiling wisely)*—Put it away, put it away! It won't be no good up here!

ROY—Why not?

EMMET—It doesn't scatter. You might get the male in the front seat, for example, and miss the female and cubs in the back seat entirely. Some of us prefers sawed-off shotguns, but I always say you can't beat the trusty old riot gun for fatal shooting.

(Roy pours himself another highball.)

ROY—Been having much luck around here lately?

EMMET—No, just the usual run—two or three females and cubs, a local confectioner, and a couple of unidentified bodies. The summer season hasn't really started yet.

ROY—Yeh, it's been pretty dull down in the city, too. The game is getting so scarce we have to go right into the houses and beat them out in order to shoot them.

EMMET—They've been having some pretty good shooting up Niagara Falls way, though. I suppose you heard Ed Martin got a nice Moose.

ROY *(eagerly)*—No! How did that happen?

EMMET—Well, it seems him and Bill Gillan had been out stalking all day long without seeing a single track, and they was just about ready to start home empty-handed when Bill heard a puffing in the distance. So Ed stationed himself on the run and waited. This Moose come right past Bill first, and he fired five shots

and missed. Then Ed opened up, and got him right in the temple. One of the prettiest shots you ever saw. Secretary of the Lodge—weighed almost two hundred pounds.

ROY *(loyally)*—Well, that last one you shot wasn't anything to be ashamed of, Emmet.

EMMET *(modestly)*—Oh, I dunno. Of course I got my picture in the papers and everything, Roy, but there are dozens of other fellows that do just as good shooting as that every night up here. The public just doesn't happen to hear of them, that's all.

ROY *(glancing at his watch)*—Can't we start out yet, Emmet? I can't wait.

EMMET—No, stay here till it gets good and dark. We want to ambush them.

ROY—Gee, I hope I have a little luck while I'm here. It's been awful dull in Aurora since that de King shooting. Hasn't even been enough evidence to suppress.

EMMET—Well, you just stick around here, boy, if you want some *real* shooting. Why, I've seen game so thick on these roads that you could go out and bring down three or four almost any night. It took all the sport out of it.

(Roy rises impatiently and strolls around the room, inspecting the trophies which are hung around the walls.)

ROY—Where did you get this specimen, Emmet?

EMMET—You mean that head over the bookcase? Got him last Sunday. He was driving a large touring car, and he gimme a mean fight before I finally landed him. Oh, he was vicious.

ROY *(inspecting a life-like group over the doorway)*—This is a nice little display for a den.

EMMET—They was having a little picnic when I stumbled onto them, and I seen the baby drinking out of a bottle.

ROY—Did you keep it for evidence?

EMMET—No, I found out later it was only milk. But at the time I wasn't taking no chances.

ROY—By the way, what's this letter you got framed over your desk?

EMMET *(loftily)*—That's a certificate from our Chief Game Warden up here, congratulating me on my good shooting.

ROY *(reading aloud)*—"One of the healthiest indications I have seen in a long time. Our church is proud of you. Do you suppose you could make the torture more lingering next time if you used dumdum bullets? P. S. I am sending the good news to the Bishop." Gee!

EMMET—I tell you, it isn't every Bishop that will take such an interest in shooting—and him so busy playing the market.

(He pours himself another highball. Roy glances again at his watch.)

ROY *(with a boyish grin)*—Gee, honest, Emmet, I just can't wait. I think I'll fire a couple of shots down the road to see if I hit anything.

EMMET *(rising tolerantly)*—Well, I guess it's all right to start out now. We might even scare up a young couple parked at the side of the road. If they're too small, we can throw them back.

(They seize their guns and start toward the door. Roy pauses suddenly. A tragic expression comes over his face.)

ROY—Oh, gee, Emmet, I forgot. I can't go out shooting tonight.

EMMET—What's the matter?

ROY—I haven't got a license for this state.

EMMET *(laughing loudly)*—Don't you worry about that. If you get caught, a Federal Judge will fix you up.

And so, with a yoicks and a wind of their hunting horn, they wrap themselves in the American flag and exit as

(Curtain)

—COREY FORD

OLD ADAM

She knows him well, she says—a paltry creature;
An animal inherently polygamous,
Inclined to ogle female form and features;
Promiscuous unwed; once married, bigamous;
Crass in his tastes; unthinking; far from subtle;
Seen at his best purveying things material;
Suited to groom or garden, chauff or buttle;
Untouched by aura feminine, ethereal;
Devoid of gratitude, of generosity;
Inordinately vain; immensely mulish;
Inclined too soon to senile adiposity,
To boring fads and reminiscence foolish;
An incubus that hustles, frets, and harries one—
And so, sweet inconsistency, she marries one!

—HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

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ALL ABOUT THE BIG MERGER

THE best way to illustrate the difference between the old trust and the new type of merger is by diagram. **Figure 1**

A B C D

Figure I, for example, shows four companies known as A, B, C, and D, all engaged in the manufacture of milk bottles; combined, they constitute the milk-bottle trust. **Figure 2**

In Figure II, points E to I represent, not five manufacturers of milk bottles, but:

E.....One manufacturer of milk bottles
F.....One manufacturer of paper tops for same
G.....The Calcutta Sweepstakes
H.....The Central Park Casino
I.....The American Radiator Company.

E F G H I

These five institutions, merged, form what is now known as a merger.

The difference is this: you couldn't combine to make a money-trust with John D. Rockefeller. In Figure I, for instance, A to the minus-one power would represent your wealth, and A to the *n*th would be his; and he mightn't see the advantage. In the new type of merger, you merge totally different objects, stacking up your 74 at the Country Club against Rockefeller's hundred million at the bank, and striking a general average. The idea is to combine everything and save waste motion.

WHAT has been somewhat mordantly called "the tragedy of waste" is nowhere more conspicuous than in baseball. Here you have several hundred thousand American gentlemen—and I challenge the world to produce a finer specimen of humanity—sitting through the long dull periods at the various ballparks while the pitcher whispers sweet nothings to the umpire or to the catcher, and while one "team" is coming in to bat or another is protesting a decision, and during those long lapses of time when no one hits anything and there is only a monotonous succession of balls and strikes. The condition of the onlookers is pitiable, and two mergers at once suggest themselves: one giving them something to look at during these dreary pauses, and one giving them something more exciting to do than throw nickels to the pop-boy or pop-boys at the umpire. The first, very obvious, merger is with a good construction firm which will be wrecking the grandstand, excavating in left field, and running up a skyscraper at the home plate, while the "game" is going on. The fascination of watching a ballgame is exactly of the same order as the fascination of watching a steamshovel in operation and appeals to the same kind of people—the advice from the bleachers and the criticism from the sidewalks around an excavation are precisely the same. So the combination of the two would please everybody. The alternative, to give the spectators at ballgames something to do, is more difficult. Their hands are busy, and, of course, they might want to keep their eyes on the game. So it would have to be something they could do with their feet. I'm afraid that bicycling wouldn't do, owing to comparative lack of room. But the National League could merge with a good treadmill factory and install a sort of sideways escalator in front of the seats, and the power thus developed might lead to a merger with the local electric-light company, and when the insulation wore off the escalator, the current generated would give the spectators quite a thrill.

THIS is the general principle of the new type of merger and each man can apply it to his own business and to his friends. If you read the papers as often and as carelessly as I do, you will have the impression that the racket business (or racket racket) is pretty well organized on the vertical plan, making skillful mergers of murderers, from dry-cleaning to bootlegging and plain and fancy machine-gunning. But there is a lot to do and a skillful financier might create a merger of a couple of racketeers, a few judges, a dozen prohibition agents, a small-arms factory, and all the men who win prizes for essays on how to solve the liquor problem. And there is the merger of the book clubs with the United Cigar Stores or the A. & P. And a considerable number of private individuals might merge with the infinite to our general advantage—but it wouldn't be polite to name them. The idea is the thing, after all. —GILBERT SELDES

"You see, she's an extravert and I'm an introvert."

OLD NARRAGANSETT
(where you still find the white piqué skirt)

OF ALL THINGS

THE thousand years of peace opened at Washington on the twenty-fourth of July, and we trust that certain parties will understand that it does not begin with a vacation.

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War-making is strictly prohibited on this planet. To Russia and China—this means you.

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President Hoover points out that we have the world's costliest army. Here's hoping that we never get our money's worth out of it.

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Clarence True Wilson says in *Collier's* that the government should send marines to put down the rebellion in New York. We hope this will not be done, as there is scarcely enough good stuff here for the civilians.

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If there should be war in the Orient the world's two worst jests would be worn to shreds. Russians, as every jokesmith knows, never wash and Chinamen never do anything else.

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The French have reluctantly ratified the debt agreement. This does not mean, however, that they will ever forgive us for lending them the money.

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The story of Al Smith's boyhood is far more colorful and interesting than that of the other magazine statesman, but the breaks were in Al's favor. It is hard to get excited about a town in which nothing ever happened except Calvin Coolidge.

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John R. Voorhis starts upon his second century with a vigorous mind and an excellent memory. It is said that he can recall the days when people swam channels.

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Dr. Snedden of Columbia says Americans are herd-minded, excessively gregarious, and badly afflicted with chronic infantilism. Fortunately one can now get from here to civilization in less than five days.

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The President is confronted with a dilemma. He must veto either the flexible tariff bill or Bill Borah.

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It is now practically certain that New York will see a World's Series this fall—by sending unofficial observers.

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There are thirty thousand acres of country club in the New York area. On this formerly productive land nothing is now raised but annual dues.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

"Gee, Pauline, but I miss the awfice!"

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GODIVA TO TOM

Eyeless peeper,
In the grave's calm,
Are you a sound sleeper
Peeping Tom?

Our righteous neighbors'
Bones are rotten,
They ceased their labors
And died forgotten.

Dust are our gentry—
Rightly, too,
Gone to Coventry
Where they sent you.

Though promise-keepers,
(Here be your balm)
They're dustier sleepers
Now than Tom.

In this cold prison
Where you abide
Do you have a vision
Of Godiva's ride?

O, do remember
Or I am lost,
A flying ember,
A faint ghost.

—ROSEMARY CARR BENÉT

PROFILES

LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD

ON a morning soon after he became Boss of Tammany Hall, a title which all loyal Tammany men gild into "Leader of the New York County Democracy," John Francis Curry began his official duties while shaving at seven o'clock. It is indicative of the man's excellent nerves that he was able to confer with two minor leaders while thus perilously engaged. And it is proof of his digestive tranquillity that he could talk with three others immediately before breakfast, a time when the average disposition would curdle a bottle of certified milk.

A Tammany Boss, however, must never reveal that he is irritated, or show resentment over the complete loss of all privacy. He may grow red with anger. He may threaten or rebuke. But the slightest sign of raw nerves may start rumors that "the Boss is slipping," and soon can be overthrown. Though he has been in office only three months, Curry shows he can stand the strain very well. More talkative than most of his illustrious predecessors, he even insists that he likes the job. His only regret is that he no longer has time to attend the movies two or three times a week. He may never, he murmurs sadly, see Douglas Fairbanks again.

Discussing his work, Curry points with pride to the schedule of crowded hours. A fifteen-hour day is typical, beginning with a combined shave and conference. The following two hours are also given to callers. Then there is a funeral, with other conferences behind the curtains of the car which crawls after the hearse. Next, he runs to keep an appointment with Governor Roosevelt, and attends a public luncheon. The afternoon is filled with audiences in the new and elegant Tammany Hall in Union Square. There is another funeral or a wedding later on; a dinner that night. And finally the day draws to a close with midnight sessions back at the Curry homestead in West Sixty-first Street.

His tranquillity amid the hurlyburly is due to two facts: the first, that he has been busy with the minutiae of politics for more than thirty years; the second, that he lives the abstemious, careful, Puritanical life of an athlete. As a youth he was president of the Palisades Baseball Club, and played shortstop in West Side sand-lot games. He was also a track star for the West Side Athletic Club. Contemporaries, with long memories and heads for figures, recall that he ran the hundred in ten and two-fifths seconds and the quarter mile in fifty-one seconds. He also showed genius as a broad-jumper. I do not mean that Mr. Curry still indulges in these pastimes, or can be seen at dawn circling the reservoir in running-pants. Middle age reduced his exercise to rapid walks between his home and the Hall of Records in Chambers Street. A six or seven-mile hike over the city pavements means nothing to him. He retains the athlete's ability to control his habits—he smokes cigars, but only three each day. He never drinks. He is in bed and asleep as soon as his duties permit.

John Francis Curry

IT is said of John Curry that he represents the "Old Tammany," and this means—among other things—that he conceives the first duty of a leader to be service for the rank and file. During the years that he commanded the Fifth Assembly District, just north of Hell's Kitchen, he was "a good leader," and such, in the viewpoint of Tammany, is not one whose interest lies in electing a president, a governor, or even a mayor. His worth consists in finding jobs for the boys, getting sons out of jail and daughters out of scrapes, supplying coal and preventing rent evictions. Curry did all these things, and with a smooth efficiency which made his local machine rank high among the vote-producing units in New York. Other leaders may have dreamed of a day when they would represent the United States at the Court of St. James' or—delirious thought—at the capital city of a truly liberated Ireland. Some prostituted their gifts and influence to obtain lucrative city contracts, grew wealthy, and went in for racehorses. Curry, however, was always on the job in the musty cellar of the clubhouse in West Fifty-seventh Street, or was rapidly climbing a tenement stairway to comfort the widow of a departed henchman. In brief, he got things done. He obtained his share, and a little more, from the cornucopia horn of plenty fed by the political patronage of a vast city.

Few of the Tammany czars since Tweed, who was gross in manner as well as in morals, have wholly fitted the cartoonist's conception of a huge, fleshy, coarse individual with piggy eyes, and wearing diamonds. Certainly Curry is as far removed from this type as a man could possibly be. Of medium height, he retains much of the trimness of his baseball days, and—at fifty-five—he is not as old as he appears from his photographs. This may be because the pictures make him seem quite bald and emphasize the lines which run from his nose down toward his closely cropped mustache. Actually, he has a fair amount of white hair left. His skin is clear and fresh, and he has the blue eyes which the Lord reserved for the Irish. He dresses rather well, if a little too exactly, in a conservative, elderly way. He never wears soft collars.

There is nothing about Curry's appearance that might not also be true of a competent executive or prosperous attorney; and yet, somehow, it would be difficult to mistake him for anything save a city politician. It is not easy to explain why this is so. Perhaps the smoothness of his manner is a shade conscious, faintly studied. The hospitality with which he greets visitors is not boisterous, for he is never the back-slapping politician whose voice booms out with synthetic heartiness. Curry is over-cordial rather than effusive. The cigars he hands out are not mere Coronas; they are Corona-Corona-Coronas.

IN February, 1892, the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst delivered a sermon

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at the Madison Square Church which brought gratifying headlines. It was the first in his campaign against Tammany, and it horrified many of the town's best people with its revelations of graft and corruption. It can have made little impression, however, on the less cultured residents, who knew Tammany as a rather kindly, if occasionally domineering, institution which came to the rescue of poor people in return for their votes. Among those who paid slight attention to Dr. Parkhurst was the youthful Irishman, John Curry, who had been brought to America, as an infant of six months, some twenty years before. His father, Michael Curry, had been a cattle jobber in Ireland, and he took up the same trade in the new country, first settling in Forty-eighth Street near Tenth Avenue and then moving to Sixtieth Street with his wife and eight children. He made a fair living by raising, buying, and selling cattle, which were permitted to roam the bad lands of Manhattan, stretching north along the Hudson River from the Curry home.

The Currys were comfortably off, but the story of John is that of the hordes of other Irish boys who came to America—a little schooling and a lot of hard work. At thirteen he went to work for the Western Union Company, having attended public school long enough to be educated without being exposed to high-toned ideas. By eighteen, a telegraph operator, he was learning the large, swinging script which marked the craft before the days of typewriters, and with which he still writes. A few years later he became an accountant.

In 1893, a year after the Parkhurst exposé began, he chanced to lead the grand march at the annual cotillion of the College Students Social Club, and attracted the attention of Daniel F. McMahon, the Tammany leader of the Seventeenth (later the Fifth) Assembly District. McMahon was looking for another young lieutenant, and had heard of Curry's prominence as an athlete. The *éclat* exhibited by the boy on this social occasion was enough to convince McMahon, and he invited him to become an assistant district captain. John accepted the offer, but the incident has caused confusion among his official biographers, who could not understand how he came to function at the College Students Social Club. They had been told that his education had been limited to grammar school. The seeming discrepancy is cleared up by the fact that the organization was named in honor of the Vanderbilt Clinic, a medical school, which had recently opened in the neighborhood. The members explained that they passed the college, on their way to work, each day.

McMahon must have regretted his selection in short order. By 1902, Curry was demanding that the Boss send him to the Assembly, and was so influential that he could not be refused. Two years later, having served his party admirably at Albany, he felt strong enough to challenge McMahon's leadership. He was smart enough to see that the Boss had grown wealthy and careless. He was no longer interested in the district or in the woes of its people. He spent much of his time in Florida and California. Then and there the political philosophy which has dominated Curry's life, and which resulted in his elevation to the highest party post in Tammany, took shape. It was a philosophy in entire harmony with his tastes and character.

John Curry's first home in America stood within a mile of the neighborhood where he has lived for fifty-five years. He played there as a boy, worked there as a young man, started his political career there. He still attends the Paulist Fathers Roman Catholic Church in Ninth Avenue at Fifty-ninth Street. His present home, 131 West Sixty-first Street, is a two minutes' walk from the house in Sixtieth Street where he spent his boyhood. Curry went to live in this house, a comfortable but old-style tenement, when he was married in 1906, and he has raised his five children under its roof. It has been a home typical of the Irish middle class: respectable, God-fearing, rather too strict, more than a little narrow in its outlook. Little interested, himself, in anything outside of New York City, he entered politics determined to make the troubles of his neighbors his first and most essential business.

"I will not live in health resorts," he said, and everyone knew this to be a dig at McMahon, "when my constituents need me on Ninth, Tenth, and Eleventh Avenues."

In 1905 he succeeded McMahon as member of the Executive Committee of Tammany Hall, and ever since his viewpoint has been strictly local. Every

law he has advocated has been judged by local needs. Every job has been for someone in the district. He had slight patience, along toward 1920, when Charlie Murphy began to have presidential plans for Alfred E. Smith. Curry was bitter and outspoken in his opposition to such nonsense. Tammany, he said, was a local city organization. As such it had been successful. In any other rôle it would fail.

IT is ironical that the new Boss, who swears that the ideal Tammany leader is the ward politician, should now hold sway in the gracious Colonial building in Union Square which replaces the hideous old Wigwam in Fourteenth Street. Its bricks are replicas of those at Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson. Its furnishings are luxurious, and in good taste. The new structure was to have symbolized a Tammany with national aspirations, an organization which had turned away from a shameful past and faced the future under the banners of Al Smith. It developed, unhappily, that the nation did not give credence to the reformation. Smith was defeated, even in New York State. Curry was then in a position to say, and doubtless did say repeatedly, "I told you so!" He had warned them, he must have pointed out, that Smith's selection of George W. Olvany when Murphy died in 1924 had been a disastrous mistake. He had predicted that Olvany, then a Judge of General Sessions, was too easy-going and good-natured to serve as Boss. He would run the organization into the ground.

Curry's hostility toward Olvany, and toward Al Smith, was discounted four years ago because he obviously desired the leadership for himself. But after the disaster of November, 1928, the boys began to listen when Curry asked them what they proposed to do about the situation. A mayoralty election was coming along. The supremacy of Tammany was in jeopardy, owing to the shift of population out of Manhattan. Did they propose to let the organization lose its grip on the city? What of the countless jobs? When, some weeks later, Olvany resigned on the plea of "ill health," Curry answered his own questions by letting it be known that he was seeking the leadership. Al Smith, Senator Bob Wagner, Surrogate Jim Foley, and others tried to stem the tide of panic which was sweeping the lesser leaders. They might have done so had not the United States Supreme Court come to the rescue of Mayor Jimmy Walker by rejecting the I.R.T.'s application for a higher subway fare. Such is the science of politics; an aged clerk of the country's highest court read an opinion in a mumbling voice, and the Mayor of New York became the most powerful influence in his organization. He was certain of renomination, almost as certain of reëlection, and he declared himself in favor of a district leader as the next Tammany Boss. Nothing remained, after that, but the election of Curry, who lost no time in laying the ghost of the "New Tammany."

"It is fiction, this New Tammany," he said. "I will carry out the policies in which I grew up."

"The successful leaders of the organization," Mayor Walker remarked, "have been district leaders, such as Murphy, Kelly, and Croker."

SO ended the fight between the New and the Old Tammany, with John Curry as the villain in the struggle. It has been said, and not inaccurately, that the battle was one between good and evil in municipal politics. In other words, that Smith stood for an honest political organization with clearly developed ideals while his foes looked backward to the Croker-Kelly-Murphy era. Whatever may be the truth, Curry does not view it in this unfriendly light. The practical had, to him, triumphed over the visionary. To the new Boss, there is nothing mysterious about politics. Success lies in doing the job one has always done, and doing it well. The powerful city machine of Tammany's type, he knows, is rarely defeated by the puny opposition party. It defeats itself by dissension within the ranks. So now he is busy healing the wounds which his election, and the disputes before it, caused. He had Al Smith issuing statements of sup-

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"Here's that thing I promised, Captain, to help you through storms. It's a little book from California showing what the mind can do."

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port before forty-eight hours had passed.

The bitterness has almost vanished and Tammany looks forward with confidence and good cheer to Election Day, 1929. It has reason to do so; the desperation with which the local G.O.P. is hunting for a nominee is proof of the strength of John Curry's organization. Why, after all, should the members of the Hall quarrel? Four years of prosperity loom ahead. As in the past, there will be city contracts to be awarded. It will be possible to make money in real estate by knowing in advance when land is to be condemned for city uses. There remain the countless avenues to "honest graft." There may remain, too, lucrative assessments upon speakeasies and gambling houses. But these, like levies upon vice, are frowned upon by the up-to-date city machine. They are dangerous, and there is plenty without them.

ONLY an appreciation of the hardness which lies beneath Curry's too-polished exterior can make clear the firmness with which he adheres to his political code. He holds to his opinions with the tenacity of a Methodist preacher, and is a hard man to beat down in an argument. Olvany was inclined to ask for advice, and let Jim Foley persuade him into obedience to Al Smith. Curry forms his own opinions, and never finds it hard to say "No." He has that first essential of political leadership, the ability to enforce discipline. No less important, he is able to believe those things he wants to believe. Thus he is able to say, without blushing, that he has found an extremely high percentage of honesty in public life.

"Not one hundred per cent, perhaps," he remarks judiciously, as though he had spent years examining statistics, "but very close to that."

—Henry F. Pringle

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WEEKEND VERSES

The Bathroom

Remember while you're here, you fool,
That this is not the Shelton pool.
If you would bathe we can't refuse it,
But others here would like to use it.
The Great Outdoors and Nature's calling,
The bathroom is no place for stalling.
So kindly haste your morning laving
And hasten too, I pray, your shaving,
And if you happen, in your hurry,
To cut your throat, why we should worry.
But while you're in here please remember
We're moving back to town September.

—Newman Levy

JUST WALKING

"SAY, Gussie, have you noticed them two fresh eggs in back of us? If they're follying us I'd like to give 'em a piece of my mind and tell 'em where they get off at.

"Let's walk a little fast and see if they walk fast, too. Turn around, Gussie, and see if they're walkin' fast. Oh, my Gawd, don't stare at them. They'll think we're tryin' to pick 'em up or somethin'. Well, are they walkin' fast? Wise guys, tryin' to make us think they don't care.

"I tell you what we do, Gussie. We stop at the next winder like we was winder-shoppin' and then see what they'll do. If they stop and talk, then I know they been follying us.

"Oh, look at them printed dresses! Ain't they beeyoutiful? Look at that one in blue, Gussie, if you wanna see a knockout. Turn around slow, Gussie, and see where those two boys are now. Up the block? I like their nerve. I guess they think maybe we should walk up to them and try to pick *them* up! The nerve of some people are really awful.

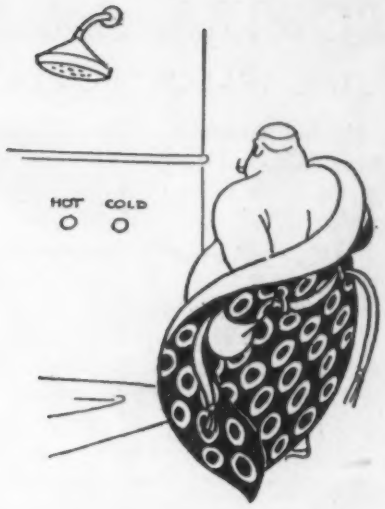
"Didn't that short one turn around just now? I thought he turned around. I'd like to tell him a thing or two. I'd tell him, 'Go away, shrimp, and get a job in the circus.' Y'know, I got a funny feelin' that maybe they think we're follying them. I tell you what we should do. Let's show them we don't even know they're alive. Let's walk right past them and don't even look at them, Gussie.

"DID you see the way he looked? Sure, the shrimp, he made believe he was lookin' in the store, but I seen him give us the once-over. Can you beat those fresh guys?

"I tell you what, Gussie. When we get to the corner, we turn to the left. And then if they turn too, I know they're follying us and I'll give them a lacin' down. Yeah, turn here and we'll see what happens.

"Look around slow, Gussie. Where are they? They're walkin' ahead? Are they lookin' over here? No? Well, did y'ever see two funnier-lookin' guys? Look at them. A regular Mutt and Jeff. Well, I guess we discouraged them. I guess they thought maybe here was two girls they couldn't get fresh with. I guess what they really wanted was we should pick them up yet. I like their nerve!"

—Arthur Kober


HOT COLD

COLD

COLD

PERRYN

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE YELLOW BOWERY

ONE night a long time ago a lot of Chinamen were killed in a fight that broke out between two tongs, the Hip Sings and the On Leongs, during a performance in the old Chinese Opera House in Doyers Street. Now this old theatre has become the scene of revival meetings and is the first place visited by sightseers from Broadway, who listen with skeptical interest while their guide tells them about the ancient massacre, pointing out the disinfected wooden cellar of the Opera House as the former site of a celebrated opium palace.

"You'll find no more opium in Chinatown, my friends. No more orgies in which the addicts of all sexes, old and young, abandon themselves to the pipe. Nowadays you'll have to go among Park and Fifth Avenues if you're looking for something like that."

The sightseers, a straggling group, most of them young people who have come for the ride, with a couple of middle-aged women, one of whom takes notes, and an elderly well-dressed man and his wife, from out of town, follow the guide out of the cellar and into the warm, blue street. Their faces reflect a certain comfort derived from the assurance that Chinatown is now a perfectly safe place, and a certain disappointment in hearing that it is not morally vicious. Yet the fact that Chinatown, in spite of all that guides can say, has not lost its adventurous possibilities is demonstrated every other year or so when the corpse of some waiter or laundryman, found in some city apparently far away, but knit closely to New York by tong loyalties, indicates a new feud between the Hip Sings and the On Leongs. At such times Chinatown proper, the triangle formed by the intersection of Mott and Doyers Streets with the Bowery, is closed to visitors by the police.

Tongs are not gangs but business organizations. Each has its distinct territory and traditions. The On Leong Tong controls Mott Street. Composed of merchants, it is rich and powerful. The Hip Sings have Pell and Doyers Streets; many of them are sailors; they are trouble-makers.

To get work, a Chinaman has to belong to a tong. Chinese businesses are owned and capitalized not by individuals but by groups of men belonging to the same tong. Some tong members are richer than others; the rich see that the poor get jobs. In Chinatown there are no beggars. Except when a tong war is going on, the Hip Sings and the On Leongs are friendly and sometimes intermarry. Their conflicts usually begin with a murder culminating a trade competition, but wars have also been started by the accidental death of a tongsman. Rumored or actual tong killings apparently do not frighten the customers of the bus companies, reckless individuals who remain unmoved even when the shillabber in moments of suspense, such as going down into the Doyers Street cellar, adds to his spiel the mysterious warning:

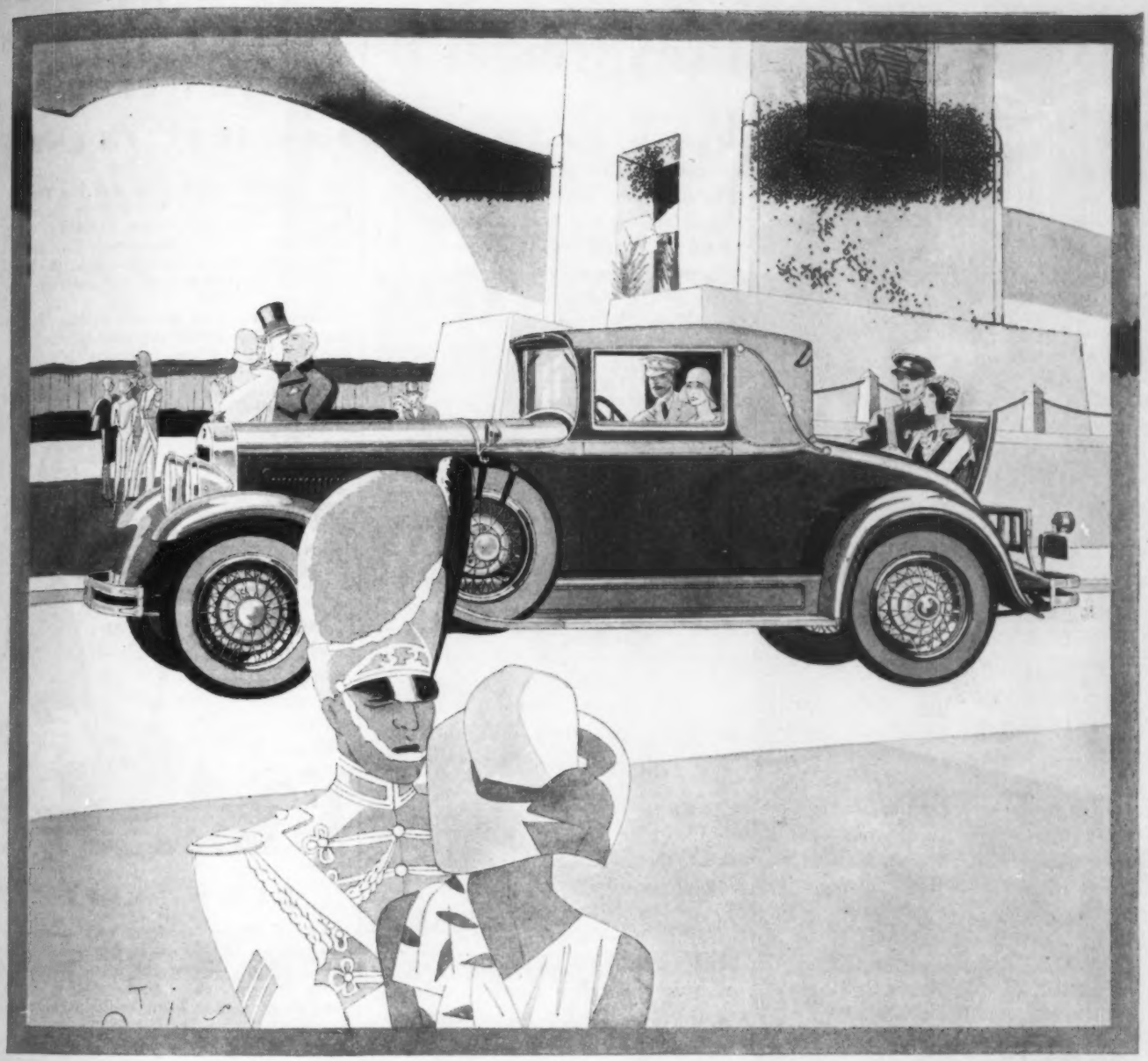
"Folly me closely, my friends, and let me caution you—do not address the Chinamen you meet in passing. The Chinese are a harmless but a sensitive race!"

In spite of its present orderliness, Chinatown is still one of the most closely patrolled sections of the city. Nine patrolmen and six plain-clothes men are detailed for service there every day from the Elizabeth Street station around the corner, and in addition sixteen special detectives, assisted by members of the narcotic squad, stroll through its narrow streets from time to time. Once in a while an opium smoker is nabbed in some private house and lugged to court, where his pipe is taken away and he is fined twenty-five or fifty dollars. There are no public drug-dens, though there are said to be one or two bordellos. Chinamen are rarely brought to court on civil charges. The Chinese Merchants Association adjusts all suits involving money. If one of them refuses to accept a decision of the Association, he is boycotted and cannot get a job anywhere in town.

MOST of the present population of Chinatown are American-born Chinese families which lack the immigrants' ability to resist modern influences. New methods have invaded the place, dissembling the historic background of romance and violence under a garish veneer of improvements. An iron bar and a walled doorway, blocking the old arcade that once connected Doyers and Mott Streets, below street level, compel merchants to go from place to place more leisurely, and in the open. Since the death of Tom Lee, six or seven years ago, there has been no mayor. Wo Kee's gift shop at 8 Mott Street, the first Chinese store opened in New York, still does business, but the restaurants famous thirty years ago have gone. No. 19 Pell Street, which used to be a hangout for fancy women, is a candy-store now, and the establishment next to it isn't owned by a Chinaman at all but by one J. Schmolovitz, "Practical Tinsmith," who specializes in gutters. Among the drums and Buddhas of the joss house in Mott Street, a Chinese girl entertains tourists with sing-song lectures on the rites of her forefathers, delivered in an accent and with a vocabulary which she acquired in an American college; on the joss-house door, under the sign "The Moon Tie Temple of Ancient Rites,"

OUR CONSCIENTIOUS COPS

If Patrolman Angus Beaton, Shield No. 1365, were to leave Broad and Wall Streets, it is said that J. P. Morgan & Co. would crumble.



The President Eight Convertible Cabriolet, $1895. The Commander Eight Convertible Cabriolet, $1645. The Commander Six Convertible Cabriolet, $1495. Six wire wheels and trunk rack standard equipment. Prices at the factory. Bumpers and spare tires extra.

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A wide range of open models designed to meet every motor car occasion during your summer's recreation.

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BROOKLYN
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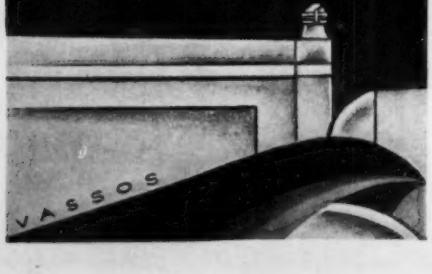
PARK AVENUE PACKARD, INC.
6 East 57th Street

WEST END PACKARD COMPANY, INC.
Broadway at 106th St.

PACKARD BRONX COMPANY, INC.
696 East Fordham Road
2110 Grand Concourse at 181st St.

Ask the man who owns one



is pasted an advertisement for Mazda lamps.

IT would be easy to get the idea that the Chinese here preserve scarcely any of their traditional life. The nationally advertised groceries displayed among the unlabelled packages of rare teas and imported spices in the windows of neighborhood stores, and the cut-rate jewelry and furnishing layouts in Pell Street, reminiscent of Broadway, suggest that Chinatown, like other foreign settlements, is quickly absorbing and being absorbed by the industrial formulas of the city. This is true in a way, but there is still a part of Chinatown that has kept its individuality, concealed and intact. Two influences (each stronger than the patriotic, habitual loyalty which is the only force binding other immigrant colonists to the lands, the familiar usages they have left) protect the racial integrity of the Chinese: one is wealth, enabling them to maintain in alien environments the ceremonials of their own people, and the other is the religious doctrines directing the thoughts of the pious toward China.

The Chinese are good at making and keeping money. In all Malay States, where Arabs and Englishmen compete with them vigorously, all the great fortunes are in Chinese hands. Like other Asiatics, they spend a lot of money on their comfort, adopting quickly the luxuries of other nations. Rich men in Chinatown, ignoring styles and periods, rig out their homes with an expensive mixture of American furniture and Chinese art. They buy cabinet radios and marry white women without sacrifice of their racial hauteur or their secretiveness. Nobody knows who the richest man in Chinatown is. They used to say it was On Fung, the gambler, who bet at local racetracks like a millionaire, but On Fung is dead now, and though many of the conservative merchants of Chinatown gamble, they do it privately; On Fung has no successor. Social superiority among

A DELIGHTFUL NEW BEACH CLUB HAS JUST OPENED

The Atlantic Beach Club has just thrown open its wonderful facilities to its members. The new club house is the last word in comfort and entertainment. The dining and dancing salon surpasses even the most glorified predictions of the interior decorators.

There are card rooms, private dining rooms, and a swimming pool of the most modern type. These pleasant advantages together with the excellent private beach have already indicated great success for the Atlantic Beach Club.

RUDY VALLÉE

And if more evidence of success is needed, let it be mentioned here that the famous Rudy Vallée and his orchestra perform for the entertainment of members and their guests. What could be more enjoyable after a dip in the sea and a delicious dinner than a dance to the melodies of these distinguished musicians? There is dancing every night at the Atlantic Beach Club.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

The Atlantic Beach Club is strictly a club, and it is strict in the admittance of its members. Extreme care is being taken to make sure that only thoroughly desirable persons are enrolled. After the limited quota is reached, no more members will be admitted.

You are cordially invited to inspect the new club. Mr. Cunningham will be pleased to show you around. Or send a note or a card to The New Yorker, 25 West 45th Street, Box KEL. You will be given complete information on costs, etc. and with no obligation.

THE ATLANTIC BEACH CLUB
ATLANTIC BEACH, L. I.

"it is natural for me . . a skin specialist . . to be an advocate of yeast". . .

DR. PAUL GASTOU OF PARIS

Well-known dermatologist; Chief of the General Laboratory of the Hospitals of the Right Bank of the Seine; former Chief of Clinic of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris. He has performed important medical missions for his government in Servia, Algeria, Western Africa and the Soudan. He says:

"That great skin specialist, Brocq, proved the value of yeast in skin troubles. So, it is natural for me to be an advocate of yeast. Yeast cleanses the intestine, checks the poisons. It is useful alike for the girl who wants to avoid pimples and for the man with an overworked digestive system."

AT the famous Hospital of St. Louis in Paris, is Dr. Paul Gastou. A brilliant dermatologist, honored by medical societies throughout the world. What he says is a reflection of the highest opinion in his field.

. . .

The unhealthy complexion, like poor digestion, bad breath, headaches, "nerves," is usually a symptom of faulty elimination—of food wastes held too long in the body.

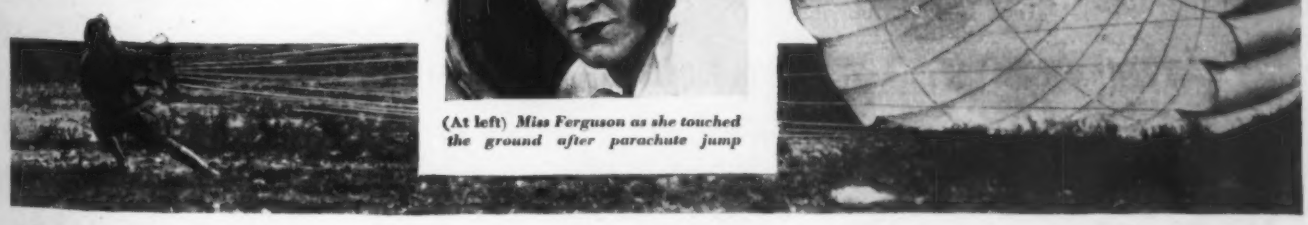
Fresh yeast—that great natural corrective food—floods your intestinal tract with millions of *active* yeast plants. Gently they stimulate sluggish intestines, purify your whole system. Constipation gradually gives way. Healthy digestion is restored. Pimples and boils disappear.

Here is the easy way to vigor and health—clear-skinned, abundant, fresh—which world-famous doctors advocate. Start today to discover what Fleischmann's Yeast will do for *you!*

"Long hours in a plane . . . a sluggish system . . . complexion troubles set in"

"I AM TRAINING for an endurance flight," writes Edna Campbell Ferguson of Oceanside, Long Island. "Long hours in a plane made my system sluggish. Complexion troubles set in . . . The wife of a doctor friend suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. It corrected my sluggishness and cleared my skin."

(At left) *Miss Ferguson as she touched the ground after parachute jump*



(Left)

"I LEARNED TO SWIM when I was eight," writes Frank E. Wilk of Cleveland. "Later I took up football, baseball and boxing. During my athletic training I broke out with pimples and painful boils. My trainer, who has had a lifetime of experience, gave me Fleischmann's Yeast. I was soon completely rid of both pimples and boils."

(Right)

EAT 3 CAKES DAILY of Fleischmann's Yeast, plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can drink pleasantly. You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. For free booklet write Health Research Dept. Y-103, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

Copyright 1929, The Fleischmann Company

"LA LOIE"
SILVEL
THE DURABLE
TRANSPARENT VELVET

Every fluent line of her gown reflects new beauties of light and shadow—because it's fashioned from "La Loie" Silvel, the Durable transparent velvet. An exclusively *all-silk georgette back* gives this incomparable fabric that super-draping quality essential to this Fall's interpretation of *la mode élégante.*

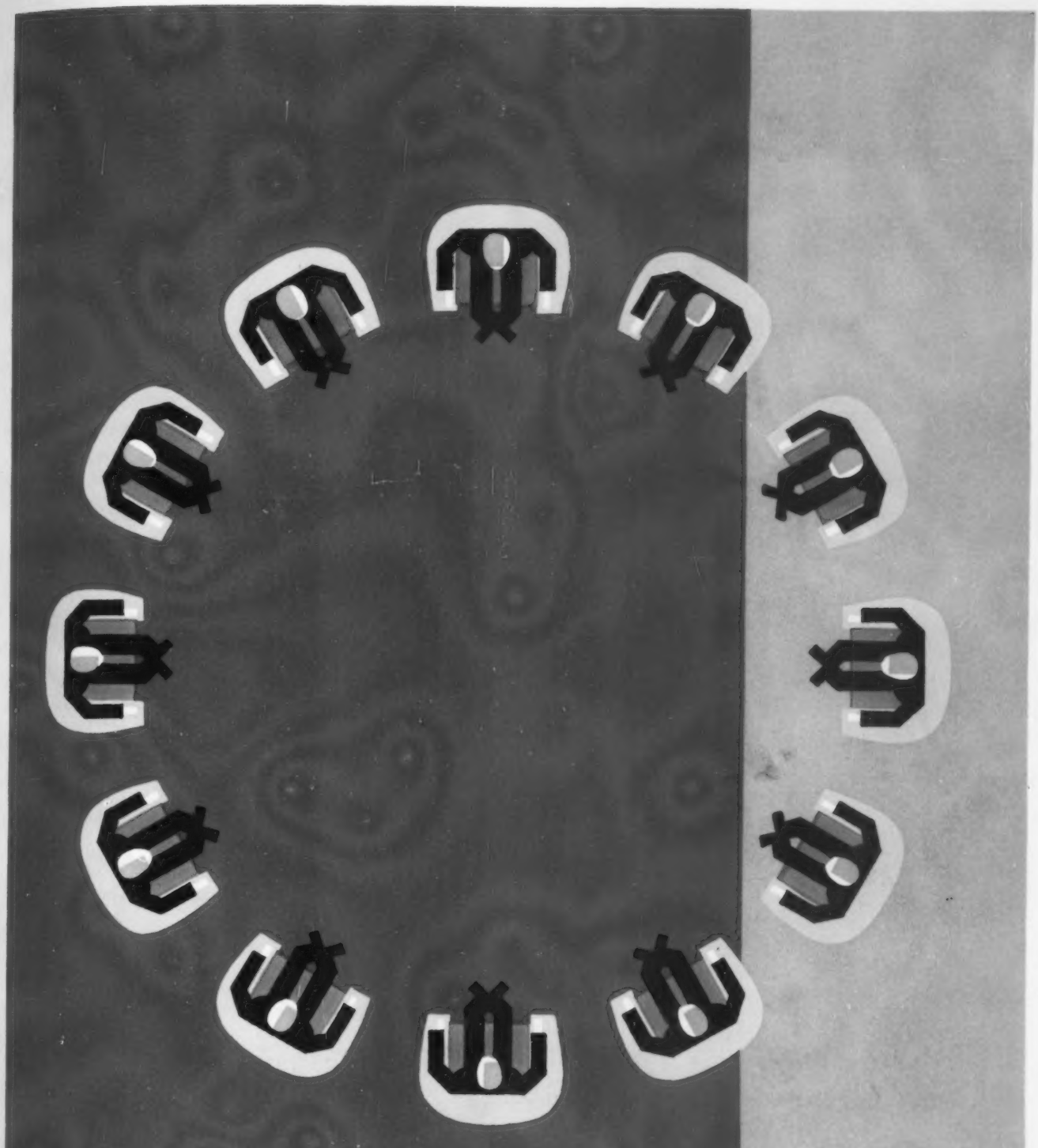
The Shelton Looms

ONE PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

them depends on culture. They are pro-Americans and pro-Germans and have a passionate disdain for estate and a deep respect, bred by centuries of serfdom, for political liberty; they revere the late Theodore Roosevelt as the greatest of modern statesmen and they vote the Democratic ticket in city elections.

Before the Chinese revolution of 1911, no immigrant could return to his country as a citizen in good standing unless he had a pigtail. Now the only pigtail in Chinatown is worn by an old, toothless man who on sunny days sits in a basement in Doyers Street. His small, wrinkled hands, and the gentleness which in the faces of very old people obliterates race just as it does sex, give him the appearance of a very old woman of undetermined nationality. Arrangements have been made to send his body back to China as soon as he dies. Chinese people who die poor are buried in a special lot in Cypress Hills and left there until eighty or ninety accumulate and are shipped to their own country, at reduced rates, in a single cargo. Only rich, native-born Chinese, members of ancient burial societies, have their bodies sent home immediately after death; the American-born citizens of Chinatown care less about where they are buried, generally allowing the interment at Cypress Hills to be permanent.

GAMBLING has been pretty thoroughly closed down in Chinatown, but every Sunday hundreds of debonair Chinamen, in derby hats and neat store suits, ride in the buses to Newark, where it goes on. High livers and reckless spenders on a holiday, they are hospitable at home, generous to their wives and children; their impassivity disguises a patient hunger for every possible enjoyment of living. They never fight. A Chinaman with a grudge against another shoots him in the back or hires somebody else to shoot him in the back; even their tong wars are carried on, in part, by hired gunmen. They are opposed to violence on religious grounds, and also because they are bad shots. A Chinaman trying to use a revolver generally closes his eyes, stretches his arms out stiffly sideways, and without looking at his victim, pulls the trigger with a finger that trembles wildly. In former times there was a class of professional killers who used hatchets, but they—like the palatial opium dens of Mott Street and the macabre feudists



TWELVE MEN WERE DISCUSSING THEIR MOTOR CARS ... AND OUT OF THEIR COMMENTS CAME —

THE RUXTON

MERICA'S FIRST FRONT-WHEEL-DRIVE MOTOR CAR

It was a notable group of men who had met for dinner . . . representative men in their several fields of achievement . . . art and letters, commerce and finance . . . and their conversation eventually centered upon motor cars . . . And it was the common opinion that the automobiles they owned, while rated fine and dependable, fell somewhat short of the consummate.

Body silence, riding comfort, flowing motion, all the other attributes so glowingly promised had never been realized to the full . . . More than all else, these cars lacked the individuality of design which sets their homes and their other personal possessions apart. And these men of sound judgment and good taste finally got to wondering, out loud, if something couldn't be done about it. Ideas were exchanged, and suggestions offered. And because they have the money and the will to have just what they want, if these wants are humanly attainable, they reached this decision:

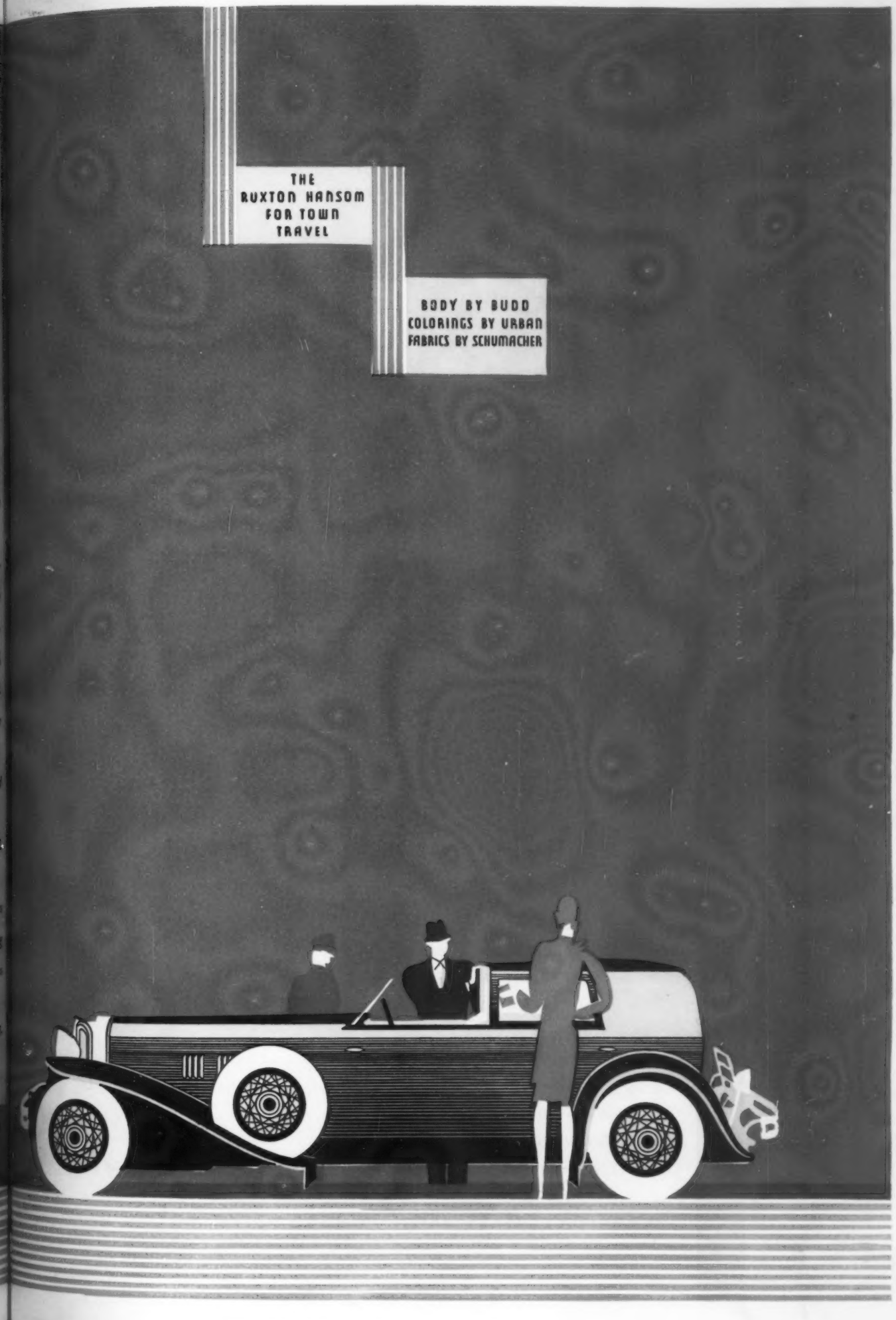
"Let's see if these conjectures of ours are practical. If they are, why not finance and build such a car? Maybe something good will come out of it."

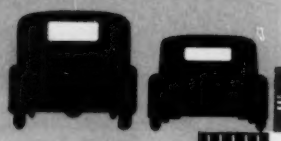
So engineers were called in, blueprints were made, ideas were translated into steel. And this car, today, after two years of unhurried development, rides the boulevards.

One of its twelve sponsors has given to it his name . . . Ruxton. The engine that powers it is a straight-eight, of course. The body is handcrafted by Budd . . . Joseph Urban, daring yet supreme in the sphere of stage decor, has created its colorings . . . Schumacher has loomed its exclusive fabrics.

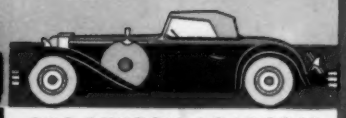
And in this starkly, smartly individual car, the decided advantages of the front-wheel drive may be enjoyed . . . for the first time in history of American automobile design.

A CAR SO LOW THAT YOU CAN LOOK OVER IT
A CAR SO SMART NONE CAN OVERLOOK IT

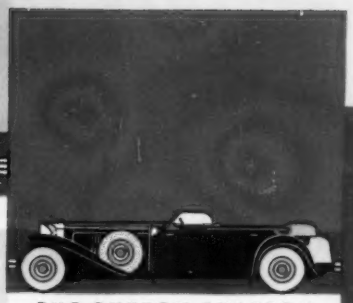

THE
RUXTON HANSOM
FOR TOWN
TRAVEL
BODY BY BUDD
COLORINGS BY URBAN
FABRICS BY SCHUMACHER



This sketch illustrates the marked difference in height between the average motor car and the Ruxton.



THE RUXTON ROADSTER



THE RUXTON PHAETON

THE RUXTON SALOON

UTTERLY DIFFERENT IS THE RUXTON

—AND TEN INCHES LOWER THAN ANY OTHER MOTOR CAR ON THE ROAD

In all the vocabulary of motordom, there are no new nouns or verbs or adjectives to describe this new car, exactly made to the exacting specifications of twelve exacting men.

So the old words, which find a new meaning and a truer definition in the Ruxton, must suffice though they have been sadly vitiated by use and abuse and hyperbole.

All cars, we are told, are low, but the eye-arresting lowness of the Ruxton is not an optical illusion but a genuine lowness ingeniously attained by a ten-inch reduction in car and body height alike, yet without a single compromise with standard road clearance or headroom.

Smooth road performance is a common promise, but the unburdened roll of the Ruxton can be had only from power that pulls evenly from the front, never from a jerky force that pushes from the rear.

Restful riding comfort, too, has a familiar sound, but how can it ever be fully experienced save in a car of the Ruxton's unique design? . . . a car with but the minimum of unsprung weight to be carried, a car whose rear springs have been spared the dissipating task of taking the drive and so are free to perform their one vital function . . . the perfect cradling of the body.

We read, as well, how this body and that has been divorced from exasperating protests of strain, but only in the Ruxton have the sources of these common noises . . . the vibrating driveshaft and the chattering differential . . . been eliminated.

And while safety at high speeds is a phrase frequently encountered, it is always relative in meaning except when applied to the Ruxton with its center of gravity ten inches lower than that of any other American automobile.

A very interesting car, the Ruxton, and a most unusual one. Perhaps you'd like to know more about it. If you would, a letter addressed to New Era Motors, Incorporated, Seventeen East Forty-fifth Street, New York City, will bring more detailed information.

AMERICA'S FIRST FRONT-WHEEL-DRIVE MOTOR CAR

BODY BY BUDD • COLORINGS BY URBAN • FABRICS BY SCHUMACHER

McGINNIS-ALDUS

of the old Opera House—survive only in legend.

THE respect for ancestry which is a characteristic of all the Chinese, no matter what their caste, is expressed partly in a veneration for old people. Even the Chinese schoolboys who are taught in Public School 23 are familiar with the Manchu proverb that happiness begins when usefulness is over, and are instructed at home in the racial doctrine of regarding the aged with envy rather than pity. In their turn, the old people seem to accept their privilege with amiability. On summer evenings in Chinatown you can see grandfathers with children in their arms. From doorways and the back rooms of stores emerge snatches of rapid, guttural dialogue; the warm air is full of smells that float and mingle, issuing from mysterious sources—cooking smells, spice and slop smells, and the warm, faintly sour smell of bodies and steam which clings to laundrymen even when they have left their place of business, and which is the abstract, national smell of China-in-America.

As the evening passes, the character of the street changes. The old men and babies disappear; the new shift of cops comes on duty and its members, menaced by the boredom that will soon engulf them, move about in a business-like way, trying shop doors to make sure they are closed. Ragged men go past on their way to the ten o'clock prayer-meeting at the Rescue Society. Only those who have been present at the meeting are allowed to stay in the basement afterward. Before the pianist in the old theatre strikes a chord, and the female revivalists lift the first hymn, the place is crowded with derelicts. They stare at the sightseeing party which, led by the guide, tiptoes across the back of the meeting-room to the stairs leading into the cellar where opium once was riotously smoked and where a certain Elsie Sigel was murdered and her body stuffed into a trunk. To this cellar, when the admonitions of the revivalists are over and the final hymn has quavered into silence, the congregation will come. They take off their socks, roll their coats around them for pillows, and lie down on the floor and go to sleep. —NIVEN BUSCH, JR.

•

The four were riding in a coupe with rumble seat, with Miss Fiske drivink. —*The Times.*

Hm-m, a sput coupe?

11,000* well-groomed clubmen wear Cheney Cravats!

ADVERTISING MANAGER—*"Good Morning, Mr. Van Vann. I've come about the endorsement . . . "*

MR. VAN VANN—*"You've brought the . . . er . . . check? Splendid! I find Grandfather's Rocking Chairs unrivalled—"*

ADV. MANAGER—*"No, no! Not rocking chairs, Mr. Van Vann—Cravats!"*

MR. VAN VANN—*"Of course! It's tomorrow I do the rocking chairs . . Well, then—I find Cheney Cravats unrivalled in color, unsurpassed in pattern, unexcelled in design. All we well-groomed Clubmen wear Cheney Cravats."*

ADV. MANAGER—*"Perfect, Mr. Van Vann! And here is the check we agreed on—in case you have some favorite charity, you know . . . "*

MR. VAN VANN—*"Thank you. This has been the most enjoyable endorsement of my career. And* most *unusual—because it happens that I really do wear Cheney Cravats."*

*This figure was arrived at through a secret process.

CHENEY CRAVATS

MADE BY CHENEY BROTHERS

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

A PREFACE TO LIPPMANN

I REMEMBER a fair day in May, ten years ago, when a cheerful caretaker, swinging a bunch of enormous keys at her kirtle as she led the way, was showing me over the flowering ruins of the Benedictine monastery at Villeneuve, a rose-tinted, forsaken town which dozes in the sun across the river from Avignon. As I picked my path among the napping lizards, I asked her if the good brothers had made much of the sweet, troubling cordial named after their order. But no. It seems that at Villeneuve the monks did no labor at all.

"It was the aristocratic branch of the order," she explained, and added, "purely contemplative."

One's first tendency may be to smile at that acquiescent distinction, but the notion of it persists into our own day and time. New York, I am sure, is crowded with men each of whom cherishes the belief (seldom tested by the acid of experiment) that if only he could retire to the country his days and nights would be given over to philosophical reflection. Amid the uproar of our city, his mind teems with regrets at having sold his shares of Electric Investors too soon, and dreadful doubts of the permanence of the Vanderbilt convention in contract bridge. But once he has withdrawn to a mountain top he is confident he will do a lot of intensive thinking about God. The appearance of such a work as "A Preface to Morals"—the log book of Walter Lippmann's quest of conviction in an age that has run out of faith—is an admonitory reminder that such withdrawals are not essential. It is not the least notable thing about this wise, reasoned, tranquil, and gracious inquiry that it was conducted by one who lives in the turmoil, and whose daily path through the churning traffic lies between the hubbub of the *World* office and a home in the Sibilant Sixties rented to him by that shrewd landlady, Miss Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

AMONG the unforeseen consequences of his book, Mr. Lippmann could scarcely have guessed that, for one reader, its pages would continuously conjure up the figure of a classmate of mine at college, whom I shall call E. Courtney de Trop for several reasons, but chiefly because that was not his name at all. He was young, slim, rather more moneyed than most of us, and approximately the color of a fine meerschaum pipe. He had a costly motor car, in a day when hay-making rustics still turned to gape at such a novelty, and when the driver of one used to spend a large part of his outdoor life lying on his back in the dust under the pesky thing. But whenever E. Courtney's car balked, he would lift the hood, daintily turn back his cuffs, and right the mechanism with lapidarian precision and the *insouciance* of a milliner affixing a rosette. When attending a fraternity dance in what I think we gaffers used to call a Tuxedo, he would add a *fin de siècle* note of non-conformity by wearing pumps with red heels.

Vaguely there was something about him which would have made any stranger surmise he was majoring in English literature but, oddly enough, E. Courtney was the best scientist of his day in that neck of the woods, and when America went to war ten years later he was commissioned a captain in that branch of the service whereby, unless there should be a weak-kneed armistice, it was hoped, by the more blood-thirsty, to cause the death in agony of the entire population of the Central Empires by poison gas. Had you assumed from the fact that E. Courtney liked to (and therefore did) knit, or from the singular chic of his custom-made uniforms, that he would not have been good at such wholesale destruction, you would have been in error.

Afterwards we heard that he had withdrawn into the austerity of a laboratory to spend ten years in the moody contemplation of a certain reaction in chemistry. I remember at a reunion that one of our classmates, a fellow in trade, jeered at this program as somewhat barren. What, asked this barbarian, would be the best that could happen at the end of such a decade? If successful, I replied, all the children in the schools would have to study the de Trop Law in their text books. Pray what did the barbarian think *he* was doing that was so much more important? Well, said the barbarian sulkily, while the de Trop Law was being enacted, he at least would be providing the children to study it.

THEN one day we heard that E. Courtney had walked out of the laboratory and gone into an Episcopalian monastery—arriving with a trunk full of regalia, in case, I suppose, that anything should befall dear Dr. Manning. Next we heard that he had left the monastery. Then that he had returned, once more a postulant for holy, if still Episcopalian, orders. Then that he had left the monastery abruptly and was in Rome, on the fringe of the Cabala. Now the latest rumor has him casting wistful glances at the Archimandrite in Moscow. It was that final item in a chronicle of spiritual indecision which brought suddenly back to mind a day three-and-twenty years ago when four of us freshmen went over to Madame Kelly's for a debauch of her leathery apple pie and watery cocoa. One of us had just been reading Master Tom Paine's "The Age of Reason" and was extolling it, when, to the horror of us fledgling liberals, E. Courtney de Trop announced that he had not only *not* read Paine's once incendiary tract but could not be induced to do so. Even those of us who had not read it either were not to be outdone in our superior amazement. Our tankards of cocoa clanked to the table.

"Why not?" we chorused.

"Because," said E. Courtney de Trop, as he rose and brushed the crumbs from his flannels before making answer in a phrase that became a byword among us at the time, "because I am afraid it would shake my faith."

And what became a conviction when I saw the havoc wrought in his scientific life in after years was even then a formless suspicion. Even then I suspected that every youth would do well to have a label with a legend on it affixed to his faith. And the legend should read:

"Shake well before using."

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

"Really, do I have to turn that crank?"

NO, MADAM, Frigidaire starts itself and stops itself just as it always did to keep the proper temperature in the food compartment and make ice at the normal speed. There's an automatic temperature regulator for that purpose.

"But if you should suddenly desire more light in the drawing room, someone would just have to push a button—

"And if there should be a sudden need for great buckets of ice cubes or particularly difficult desserts, it's nice to know there's a button to push and that something happens when you do."

If you want more information about Frigidaire, Winston Paul has a showroom at 39 W. 45th Street, where the "Cold Control" is being demonstrated. Come in and see how effective this is and learn what fine desserts the "Cold Control" enables you to make. Or write for a couple of interesting books, if you prefer.

FRIGIDAIRE

More than a million in use

WINSTON PAUL
39 West 45th St., New York

Send me a couple of interesting books.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

"heads or tails"

said the clever cinema customer "you takes your choice, but when i seek entertainment i'm covered on both ends by the delightful eye and ear treats

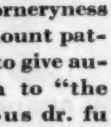
at the rivoli— united artists

where, lovingly synchronized is dolores del rio as "evangeline" playing hide and seek with gabriel...assisted in no mean way by longfellow and united artists

at the rialto

oriental orneryness and paramount patter merge to give audible birth to "the mysterious dr. fu manchu" . . . sired, sir, by sax rohmer

at the criterion



still intact are "the four feathers"... not a fowl in an eyeful but plenty of hippos and baboons behaving rather"changy" for paramount . . . bully stuff, this!

at the paramount

is william powell speaking for philo vance as he unravels the colorful "greene murder case" . . . a big killing for paramount and s. s. van dine.yes,honey,paul ash still panics 'em . . . with the mrs. away jesse crawford plays—plenty

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Seeing America with Dolores—Many Tears and Little Laughter

AS a travelogue, as a sort of educational See America First film, "Evangeline," which opened at the Rivoli, is excellent. The landscape scenes are charming, whether of the coast of Acadie, the long placid sweep of the Ohio, the banks of the Mississippi, or the Ozark Mountains. All that is charming, but to See America First with Dolores Del Rio as a companion is, of course, a pretentious program for the ordinary tourist, and with Dolores as Longfellow's Evangeline, the lady of life-long fidelity, it even becomes a formidable one.

Miss Del Rio is beautiful, and has the gravity and the intensity one would expect in the part she is playing. The modern temper wearies quickly, however, of such prolonged tragedy. The story, though schoolrooms throughout our land dub it the great American epic, is remote from our sympathies, and hence somewhat dull. Moreover, the movie follows the poem with greater fidelity than the screen has granted more important literary masterpieces. Without even a closing fadeout of the lovers in their youth, Evangeline is shown as an old woman when she finds her Gabriel at last.

Except for two or three Acadian folk songs in Miss Del Rio's subdued and rather attractive voice, and a sudden exclamation at the very end—Longfellow's words, "Father, I thank Thee"—this is a silent picture.

THE Greta Garbo film at the Capitol is minor business in spite of its controversial title, "The Single Standard." Miss Garbo is fair to see—at least in those scenes in which she does not wear unbecoming hats—and she is always charming. With appalling ingenuity, however, the movie manages to present a somewhat dangerous situation and make it seem just so much milk and water.

As a Michael Arlenish young lady of the San Francisco *jeunesse dorée*, Miss Garbo runs to the South Seas with a handsome, reckless artist; but

Varied apartments for varied requirements...as diverse in location as they are in size, type and arrangement-3 to 13 rooms ...simplex or duplex-some studios, alike in the common keynote of Park Avenue quality...the heritage of apartment homes..... *planned, built* and *managed* by the Tishman Organization!

◆

Occupancy August 1, 1929

175 EAST 79th STREET
3 and 6 Rooms

325 EAST 57th STREET
3 to 6 Rooms

345 EAST 57th STREET
3 to 6 Rooms

◆

Occupancy September 1, 1929

33 EAST 70th STREET
8-10-13 Rooms

30 EAST 71st STREET
9 and 12 Rooms

14 EAST 75th STREET
Studio Living Rooms
3 to 8 Rooms

◆

For Immediate Occupancy

911 PARK AVENUE
12 Rooms

941 PARK AVENUE
Duplex Apartments
12 and 13 Rooms

410 EAST 57th STREET
6 and 7 Rooms

Write for brochure of Apartments from 3 to 13 rooms

TISHMAN REALTY & CONSTRUCTION CO. INC
285 MADISON AVENUE
Owners and Builders Since 1898

you have a pleasant sense that they are "just pals" all the time. She comes home, and marries properly. Then, as we see her a faithful mother in her nursery, back comes the artist. Her husband, with cinematic gallantry, offers to shoot himself so that she can marry the painter, but he is not called upon for this courtesy. Greta realizes that now her son will be the only man in her life.

BOOTH TARKINGTON's "Magnolia" appeared at the Paramount disguised as "River of Romance," a film dealing with the riparian rights of that celebrated stream. The picture wavers uncomfortably between heavy sentiment and satire on the old southern customs, but without doing either justice. Crinolines, and the white pilasters of southern houses, contribute the most picturesque features of the film. Wallace Beery does the best acting as a gambling desperado, and Charles Rogers plays the juvenile.

WITH tears and laughter Colleen Moore is to be seen in "Smiling Irish Eyes," at the Central. The picture vaults with alacrity from the banks of Killarney to Broadway and back again without ever arousing much interest. Miss Moore sings her Irish ballads pleasantly enough—if you care for Irish ballads—and a heavy brogue is sustained throughout this talking film. It is a tedious performance though, and will hardly touch even the traditionally sensitive Irish heart. —J. C. M.

•

DISTINCTION

Numbered among the weak and vicious
Justly are the superstitious.
If I chance to rap on wood
Such an action never should
Be confused with ladder-dodging
Or the fear that has its lodging
In the soul which sore is smitten
By the sight of one black kitten
And which hesitates to scratch
Three lights from a single match,
While it pauses night and day
To wish on stars and loads of hay.
Rapping wood, of course, has sense,
Which makes all the difference.

—RUTH LAMBERT JONES

•

Among the substances breathed in, which may cause asthma, are: dander from all animals, cats, dogs, rabbits, horses.—*Hudson (N.Y.) Daily Star.*

Provided, of course, it's up.

"George, you haven't used BŌST— why don't you?"

As one good smoker to another, the question is fairly put. Quickly one notices the brilliant effect of Bost on the teeth of comrade or acquaintance. Try it once, get the taste, and if you have any mental excuse for a smile, it will be a smile you are proud of!

It isn't magic, it isn't injurious acid, and it isn't harsh grit that takes the tobacco stain off. Bost Tooth Paste is a perfectly balanced prescription of mild and harmless ingredients, which dissolves organic stains—the original modernist creation of Dr. Wm. Dale Bost, a conscientious chemist whose progressive achievements are widely known. Its appeal is to the world's greatest army of epicures—hence its rare bouquet flavor, mellow as old Tokay.

In the jade-and-coral tube.

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The Smoker's Friend

THE RACE TRACK

Saratoga—Some Blue-List Two-Year-Olds—Dead Heats and Ponies

WHILE it is often said, and truly so in many ways, that racing is conducted better at Pimlico, Churchill Downs, and Arlington than it is at home, this does not apply to Belmont Park or Saratoga. Horses and horseplayers may come and go but Saratoga continues on its way, and is more beautiful each year. One may smile a little at the pretentious title—the Saratoga Association for the Improvement of the Breed of Horses—but after all, from the vine-bordered clubhouse, or under the great trees in the velvety green paddock, one does see the best horses in the land, with coats of satin and the bearing of monarchs. It is pleasant to return again, even if one does not take the waters.

HEIGH Ho! The races do not begin until 3 P.M., so we can have our sunbath. All the winners, all the winners! Well, Sam Hildreth, and John Madden, and Max Hirsch's clocker mark my card every afternoon, and Fator tells me what he likes. Benny Silverman gives me his figures, and George Reed gives me the clockers' reports with triple "x"s against the names of the live horses. Eagle Eye Sam tells me about all the secret workouts over at the Oklahoma track—the ones at night, when they hang lanterns on the furlong poles.

Downtown, the parlors of the United States and the Grand Union, which used to hold a million little gilt chairs, once more are motor salons for the smarter cars. All the yellow open-faced hacks, with fringes on the awnings, have emerged for their forty-third season, some with the original cast—Colonel Tantivy Martingale, one of the Virginia Martingales, suh, refuses to ride in anything else. All the lake resorts, Riley's Arrowhead, Lido-Venice, and the rest, have taken off the shutters—but not the roof just yet—and Nat Evens has swept and dusted the Brook Club.

ACCORDING to my custom, I shall submit my list of two-year-olds to be followed, with discretion, during the meeting. There is little I can say that has not been said of Boojum, though in my opinion his stablemate Which One, a full brother to Mother Goose (who won The Futurity for Harry Whitney in 1924), will be better over a distance of ground, as he is by Chicle. Mr. Sponge is Joe Widener's best colt, but I doubt If he will develop into another Haste. Hi-Jack is George Widener's best, but I fancy it is only in his name that he will come close to being another Jack High. Walter Salmon's Swinfield impressed me at Aqueduct, so I must include him; and also William Wood-

ward's Gallant Fox, a half-brother to Petee-Wrack, by Sir Galahad III. Obviously, the high-priced yearlings of last season are expected to do great things: New Broom, Broadway Limited, Capstone (the Greentree Stable's colt by Sweep), and Mrs. William Ziegler's First Lady, the filly by Whisk

Broom II. I daresay they will follow the fate of the expensive luxuries of other years.

LOOKING over the races to come, I find the most interesting on the Saturday cards; which will be good news for those who take their Saratoga in small doses. The New York Central will run its special train again, leaving Grand Central Station at 9.35 A.M., Daylight Saving Time, and arriving at the Springs in ample time to get a tip on the first race. This weekend some of my Blue List two-year-olds will run for the United States Hotel Stakes—if that's any inducement—but I do not believe we shall see Blue Larkspur in action in the Miller Stakes later in the afternoon. Ed Bradley has intended to reserve him for The Travers a fortnight later. However, Jack High will throw down the gauntlet to the three-year-olds, and I fancy George Widener's colt will find the distance, one mile and three-sixteenths, to his liking.

RACING GLASSES, of course, are an important part of one's Saratoga wardrobe, and it's swanky to hang one's badge and gloves on the case. For those who prefer a binocular that is powerful and also easy to carry, there is the Daylux, imported from France by the Mirakel Optical Company. It weighs ten ounces and is so

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Once in that rare while, when your pen is alive with magic phrases, and you find that a letter casually begun is well on its way to becoming a classic . . . put off dinner time worries . . . depend on

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For Flavor-Sealed Chicken is so convenient, so easy to prepare. Already cooked, it saves time and kitchen labor. And you'll revel in its rich, satisfying flavor.

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FOR SUMMER MERMAIDS AND DEVOUT SUN WORSHIPPERS

GLYCO-THYMOLINE is the soap for those lithe young feminine things who spend every minute of their glorious vacation days in the water or near it—those ultra-gay, ultra-modern young folks, who have little time and less patience for old-fashioned "beauty secrets".

Truly, Glyco-Thymoline Toilet Soap is for the laughing carefree vacationist, the dainty summer girl. Its wealth of creamy lather cleanses so quickly, so efficiently, and leaves the skin delightfully soft — velvety smooth. The subtle lingering fragrance adds a note of elegance to the most hasty toilet. Your druggist has this exquisite new Glyco-Thymoline soap — single cakes, or the attractive triple cake package container.

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GLYCO THYMOLINE TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. TOILET SOAP

A DAINTY SOAP FOR FASTIDIOUS FOLKS

small one can almost hide it in one hand, but it is rated 8 power and the field of objective is large enough to take in all the runners in almost any race on the flat. Ideal for outside men.

I BELIEVE the recent Empire City meeting was the most disastrous in some time for the more commercial followers of racing. Backers wound up walking around in circles, writing figures on pieces of paper, and the layers of the odds went away uttering loud and strange curses. Wagering the last few days reminded me of Bob Smith's adventure with an Indian chief. Shipping his stable to California one winter, Bob broke his journey at Tulsa, for he had heard of a chief on a reservation not far away who bred racing ponies and backed them heavily. As Bob had a stable pony that could step off a quarter of a mile as fast as any thoroughbred, he expected to make the stay profitable. He met the chief and discussed the match.

"You'll bet on your horse—perhaps a hundred dollars?" said Bob.

"Yes," said the chief.

"Two hundred, maybe?"

"Sure I bet."

"Five hundred, maybe?"

"Sure I bet."

"A thousand, maybe?"

"Sure I bet."

"Say, Chief, if I win, do I get paid?"

"Mebbeso."

I'm told the clubhouse commissioners are owed, collectively, considerably more than the liabilities of one of our recently defunct banks, and that every day their cashiers had to draw the total of the amount to be paid, for there was scant hope of collections.

THE dead heat of Night Extra and Prince Toy at Empire City last week gave John Madden the opportunity to tell his famous story. It seems there were two colonels and they went to a hoss race. There was a dead heat, and after the race one of them said to the other, "What did you think of the race, Colonel? Great hosses, weren't they?" Just like that. And the second colonel said, "Great hosses nothing. Why, one of them couldn't beat the other." —AUDAX MINOR

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[From Time]

Many a bullet zinged back and forth last week across the Detroit River.

THE BOSS TALKS

I WON'T keep you long, gentlemen. Just have a few words to say regarding our annual fall intensive campaign. I don't often get around to making a personal address to the sales force of Hagedorn & Brownmiller, Incorporated, not because it doesn't give me a great deal of pleasure to talk personally to the staff, but more on account of being tied up with other things. I know we're all working to put H. & B. across with a *bang* this fall so that we won't have to take a back seat to any other paint-and-varnish manufacturer.

I AM reminded of an experience I had two summers ago, just by way of bringing out a point I wish to make at this time. As you may recollect, it was two summers ago that I took a much-needed rest by going abroad and taking a bicycle tour through England. A rather unusual way to spend one's vacation, to be sure, but I always like to get away from the mob when I go for a rest. None of your tourist mobs for me. Well, in any case, I was on this bicycle tour through England and one night my nephew and I stopped at a little inn or tavern in an English village. We had a good dinner, with nut-brown ale, served right in the tavern on the stone floor. Real old English atmosphere.

Well sir, there were several other travellers there. One of them I noticed was an Englishman, a man about middle age and dressed in careless but neat fashion like most Englishmen of good breeding. I introduced myself and we chatted awhile, very pleasantly. Well sir, in the course of the conversation this man told me about his hobby. Now of course all of us have a hobby. There are the philatelists who collect rare old stamps, and the—ah—coin collectors and people that collect china dogs and so on. But I never did hear of anybody that had this man's hobby. This man's hobby was collecting bells! Yes sir, gentlemen, bells that you ring. Only he didn't collect them, exactly, because naturally where would he put them? What he did do was collect data on interesting bells.

Well, that seemed like an interesting hobby to me so I encouraged this man to tell me more about his hobby. And that's where I learned something mighty important that I try to bear in mind every day of my business life and that I wish all of us would remem-

SHERRY-NETHERLAND

A tower of luxurious residential apartments-on-lease. A few kept available for smarter transient living when in New York. Each in the spaciousness and taste of the established home. Each serviced by a Sherry-trained staff.

FIFTH AVENUE *at* FIFTY-NINTH STREET

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you trail rice in the hotel lobby

...be nonchalant... **LIGHT A MURAD.**

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ber. This Englishman told me that he had just come from another English village where there was a bell four hundred years old. The history of the bell is this: When the people of the village decided to have a bell they didn't go to the richest lord or baron or whatever it was and ask him for a bell. No. Instead, every man, woman, and child in the place was asked to give some little piece of silver; then they melted all the silver and made a bell out of it. The result was, every man, woman, and child in that village owned some part of the bell, and yet you couldn't say it belonged to any one person.

NOW that's the best example of coöperation I can think of. Every man, woman, and child in this organization shares in the success of the organization. If Hagedorn & Brownmiller, Incorporated, are to have a big year it isn't going to be entirely because of our crackajack sales force. No. It will be because Harold, the outer-office boy, has been courteous, because Fitzpatrick has sold a tough Louisville customer, because Irv Rosenthal has kept the bookkeeping department up to snuff, because the boys in the shipping department have done their share, because the chemical-research department have been on the alert. In short, because we all coöperate.

You know how it is with a stick. It's easy to break one stick, but tie a bunch of sticks together and then just try and break them. You can't do it. The united strength of the sticks is what counts. Where you can break one, you can't break the bunch of them. Take the recent races at Poughkeepsie last June when I am happy to say the Columbia crew won. Do you know why they won? Because every man was working, every oar pulling, and all pulling together. If one fails, if one catches a crab, as the saying goes, why then the whole boat suffers. It's coöperation and it's every bit as true

in business as it is in crew or football. Football! What if the fellows on the line don't hold the opponents so that the fellow can be free to receive a forward pass? Why, he just doesn't receive it. . . . Eh? What's that Mr. Cleary? . . . Haw haw! Well, that's one on me. Mr. Cleary, being out of college more recently than I, says that if the fellows on the line hold the other fellows they get penalized fifteen yards. Well, I guess he's right but the point I wanted to bring out was that you must have coöperation on a football team.

AND so that's the way it goes, in sport, in business, and in marriage. In fact, in all forms of human endeavor. So let's get together with some teamwork and put over this fall campaign. Hagedorn & Brownmiller, Incorporated, will as usual reward effort but I guess you all take that for granted. I guess that's all and thank you, gentlemen.

Uh, one moment. Mr. Cleary, I'd like to see you for a second, please.

—JOHN O'HARA

•

ELFIN

When Emily was eight years old, with curls
Down to her waist, she wasn't quite the same—
So people said—as other little girls,
And her especial quaintness had a name.
Elfin, they called her; and her golden-white
Fragility was guarded like a spray
Of waxen lilies under glass—a blight
Falls on such children under the light of day.

Rose leaves in jars, a queen shell, and a print
Of "La Belle Chocolatière." . . . The parlor blinds
Are drawn upon the summer's gentle drone.
Vaguely the town remembers; there's a hint
Of something strange, but Emily never minds,
For elves and witches always live alone.

—LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

•

The title of "Nobody's Children" has been changed to "Blue Skies."—*Fox Newspaper Service.*

And why not, in this prosperous happy country!

A tan put on with a powder that bathing won't take off!

Smart women everywhere have adopted a new way of tanning. Instead of going through the old ordeal of burning and freckling and passing through several stages of unsightly coloring, they are using an amazing new powder and getting a perfect tan in two minutes!

Glory of the Sun is not a mere "tan powder," but a *powder that tans!* It produces a perfectly natural-like tan of just the degree you want, according to the amount of powder you use.

And it won't rub off on your clothes. You can dance, motor, play tennis or golf, *even go bathing,* without affecting it. Soap and water or cream are the only things that remove it, when it's easily renewed in two minutes. Protects from sunburn and freckling.

Two shades: Light for blondes; Dark for brunettes. Large box $2.00 at all toilet goods counters. Carlé Inc., Chanin Bldg., New York City.

Have a tan without tanning
GLORY OF THE SUN - *Powder*

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

BOTH professional and amateur Paris shoppers who take time off from their *apéritifs* to seize their pens report the following fashion notes: Black gloves are new and important, and are worn with colored clothes as well as with black ones. Short nose veils, firmly attached to the sides, are seen on some of the best new hats—a fashion which, in New York, will soon be ruined by Broadway, or I am no prophet. The princesse waistline is here to stay. Patou is showing many, many clothes with a Directoire feeling, and even sports clothes tend to have belts placed nearly at the normal waistline.

THERE is also much comment, both favorable and unfavorable, on the new jewelry. The more gleaming and glorious and Christmas-tree-like your necklace and bracelet, the smarter you are likely to be—that is, if it is the correct couturier who is being outrageous. And, speaking of Christmas-tree necklaces, Chanel has perpetrated a lulu—a thick rope of solid rhinestones, with brightly colored large beads at regular intervals, and little rhinestone balls dangling at the back of the neck. It would be horrid, to my mind, on anything but the simplest black frock, and not too good there. Chanel has also contributed other necklaces, in which smallish beads are massed tightly on the surface of a half-inch rope — blue beads have black and white twisted strands to relieve the monotony here and there. In red, white, and blue, and so on. Lelong shows Egyptian-type flat chokers with very large pear-shaped red danglers; Patou also does a flat collar in red, blue, and gold rondels—to name the most conservative color combination. The twisted strands of tiny beads go on and on; sometimes caught together with bright rings, sometimes bursting into heavy links composed of rondels in two colors.

Unless your taste is flawless, I advise wearing jewelry of this type only with pajamas or lurid bathing ensembles. It is designed to be part of a definite ensemble, and should never be used to pep up an old frock. Sticking to your genuine pearls and rubies is safest, unless your fashion sense, or your modiste, is infallible.

IN that big, bustling, refrigerated first floor at Macy are several treats awaiting the buffeted shopper in search of a thrill. One of these is a collection of man's-sized fine-linen handkerchiefs with hand-rolled edges. The designs, which usually take the form of diagonal stripes and splashy zigzags, are hand-blocked in several shades or tones of the same color on white. Occasionally coin dots appear in the most unexpected places. How-do-they-do-it addicts also will be glad to know that these handkerchiefs, imported and all, cost but sixty-nine cents apiece, and would glorify any sports wardrobe.

Another first-floor item is a stock of new stubby umbrellas; some tailored with hooked handles and touches of gold trimming; some having half-note handles of tortoiseshell, or other substance, with fine silver edging; some bearing a brilliant hue with the color repeated on the white-enamel tops.

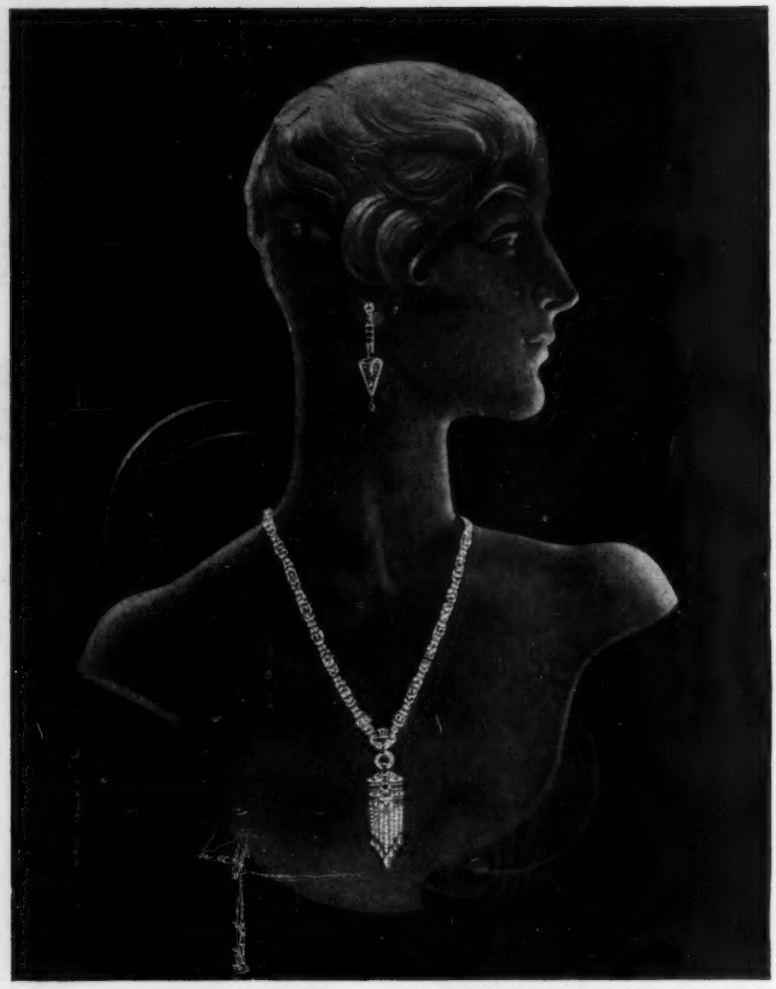
Also, there are handsome sets of a cigarette-lighter, a square box for powder, and a cigarette-case of red and black enamel in diamond pattern, edged with silver. Each piece costs around $5, and looks more.

SEVERAL weeks ago, B. M., our indefatigable Paris correspondent, stated that some of the smartest shoes seen at British sporting events had turned out to be from Sandalari, who is as Parisian as can be. She mentioned two models in particular—a suede oxford with casual hand lacing in decorative spots (like that on hand-sewn sports gloves), and another oxford employing two shades of kid, with a hand welt and hand weaving. The heels are particularly called to your attention. They are the height of a baby French heel and, as far as the curving is concerned, are midway between a French and a Cuban. The shoes, which have

"I want something old, and a little bit queer."

PABST BLUE RIBBON BREW

If you MUST DRINK IN A CAVE, try Pabst Blue Ribbon Brew. It tastes good anywhere but thrives best in the homes of WISE MEN who prefer to let their wives in on the secret of what is good for THAT THIRST. Let the family manager phone her favorite dealer or Barclay 2622 for a case. Pabst Corporation, Milwaukee. New York City, 2 Hudson Street.



Rare gems and precious metals comprise the medium for expressing the still more rare and more precious artistry of all jewelry created by Udall and Ballou.

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

The following blank is for the convenience of our subscribers who are absent from the city this summer. We will be pleased to observe any change of address order received and request only that we be notified at least three weeks in advance of the date with which it is to take effect.

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been made in Paris on an American last, are to be found at Abercrombie & Fitch, Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, and people who take their sporting events with the proper reverence should inspect them. The hand-laced one is especially knockout.

Also, while we are on the subject of hand lacing, a veritable jewel among Pullman slippers is to be found at Elizabeth Arden, 673 Fifth Avenue. A bright suede case, and two collapsible Pullman slippers of suede in any color, put together entirely by lacing.

—L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Barfly's Guide—Country Life Made Painless

I DON'T like to seem repetitious, but if everybody will insist on having a bar around the house, what am I to do but keep on being informative? There are—coming straight to the point—three known ways of getting yourself a bar. One—have it built. Two—buy it. Three—rent it.

The first of these systems gives free play to that inhibited imagination of yours. You can design one yourself and let the cabinet-maker down on the corner see what he can do with it. Or you can get together with a big modern decorator; Contempora, for instance, at 16 West Forty-ninth Street, or the Aguilar Studio, 572 Park Avenue, which I have mentioned before in connection with closet equipment.

Otherwise, you can select one of the portable bars. Almost all the stores have these in one form or another. I am partial to Hammacher, Schlemmer's interpretation in black and silver, with a chromium rail. It is a very dashing affair, costing $165, and is to be had at the 145 East Fifty-seventh Street store. The same model, in four or five-foot sizes, comes in natural-wood finishes with a brass rail, at $150. A simpler version costs $98.50. This is the Ginger Bar, a compact little piece carrying full equipment—ice pans, etc. All of these are in the regular folding-screen style, but can be permanently installed.

Which brings us to the third point. Very presentable bars can be rented for a night, a weekend, or longer, if you can stand it, from the Eastman Brothers—studio at 34 West

Forty-sixth Street. Twenty dollars is the usual charge for one night, but it all depends on delivery distance. For a weekend you get a cut-rate bargain price of $25. And so on. The Eastman bar, like most others, is collapsible, with a big picture of Bacchus, or maybe Neptune, painted on the front. Lots of people get fond of it and buy it outright, the list price being $300.

The Eastmans are equipped to be thorough if you are out for a big weekend. A rent of about $150 will include murals (painted scenes on canvas, soap pictures on mirrors, etc.) and a bag of nice clean imitation sawdust for sprinkling around the floor. They can also put you in touch with good bartenders of the old school, all ready to go through their tricks for $5 or so a night. Heigh-ho, life is not so hard after all.

CURRENT EXCITEMENT ALONG MADISON AVENUE: The Chintz Shop, at No. 431, has a poudreuse for country houses, covered over, legs and all, with a lattice chintz and then shellacked. Accessories to match —trays, powder-boxes, brushes, jars, etc. In green and in red, pleasant either way, and an improvement, I hold, over the usual voluminously draped table in summer rooms that need the color. It can always be decorated to order, of course.

Olivette Falls, at No. 563, has some awfully good outdoor furniture —one tray table, in particular. This is in metal and has a handle spreading over the top—convenient for carrying glasses and things out from the kitchen, and likewise for their subsequent distribution among far-flung guests. Her woven-metal chairs are as good-looking as anything you ever saw in their line; honestly comfortable, and painted for durability so that you don't have to fly to the rescue in a sudden shower. Also, there is a long, lacquered cigarette-box with four inner compartments, marked by tags with the names of the brands they hold. This piece is practically certain to inspire your inventive friends to games, but if you want to take the risk, there it is, at $7. The official title, believe it or not, is Preference Chest.—B. B.

•

COUNSELOR—Head counselor wanted for girls' camp; must be ripe with experience. V 931 Times Downtown. —*The Times.*

Without exactly being ready to fall.

The policy
of which this ado is
a part was inaugurated by
Shayne in 1924

ESTABLISHED 1865 . . . . STILL UNDER THE SAME OWNERSHIP

AS USUAL THERE WILL BE

NO
"AUGUST SALE"

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FINE MOTORS

DIAMONDS

BONDS

OR

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FURS

NO intelligent woman believes that a "cut" price is any guarantee of value or that a $100 fur is worth $150 simply because it was reduced to $150 from some higher figure.

We do not hold so-called "sales"; we never raise our prices in anticipation of cutting them during January or August. The regular Shayne prices, which hold throughout the entire year, are as low or lower than most periodic sale prices. The intrinsic value of Shayne furs is guaranteed by a 63 year record of scrupulous business honesty—NOT by a "cut" price.

126 WEST 42nd ST. NEW YORK

TRUANT WHISKERS

THOSE sly little batches of hair that always seem to play truant to the razor — get after them with Squibb's Shaving Cream.

A *real* shave needs Squibb's. It's so thorough—so satisfactory. The razor almost smiles as it coasts through. Such easy work. No tug nor tussle. And, at the end, a fresh, smooth comfort.

Don't play truant yourself from the shaving satisfaction of Squibb's. Lather up with it tomorrow. Squibb's Shaving Cream is sold at all drug stores. The price, too, is quite reasonable. 40c a generous tube.

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A SHAVING CREAM BY SQUIBB

POLO

Youthful Old Aiken —A Family Party

THERE has never been, at least in our memory, an experiment in any sport quite like the apparently successful one that has produced the Old Aiken polo team. In tennis and in golf, of course, there have been carefully nurtured infant prodigies, and some of them have blossomed forth into champions. Here, however, is an entire team put together, carefully taught and coached, and kept together for years. During the past weekend this team galloped back and forth along the banks of the Shrewsbury River, at Rumson, a finished product. To these four young men went the second most important national polo title, the Junior.

THE four teammates, Elbridge Gerry, James Mills, Stewart Iglehart, and John Rathborne, began with the best asset a fledgling polo player can have—heredity. They were born into the group of people who have made Aiken one of the most unusual horse centres in the world.

The reigning family of Aiken is, of course, the Hitchcock family. A decade or so ago Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock started her children in polo with the famous Meadow Larks. They began at Aiken in the winter and continued at Westbury in the summer. At first, young Nicholas played at No. 2 on this team, and Frank, the youngest of the Hitchcocks, was at No. 3. Nicholas and Frank dropped out in time. A ten-year-old youngster came into the No. 3 position, and Mills went to No. 2. Then was born the Old Aiken team, though the boys didn't call themselves that then. They were not particularly old, for one thing; in fact they were just beginning school at Aiken.

They continued playing together, and two years ago, as they left school and headed for Harvard and Yale, the Old Aiken idea was born of the fact that all four were "Old Boys" of Aiken School. Gerry went to Harvard, and this spring helped defeat Yale, which had Rathborne at back, in the Intercollegiate championships. After the college season, the four came together

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Black line Silver Kings have been in such great demand this year that a shortage existed. But now rush express steamer shipments are catching up with the demand.

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• • •

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again, with Gerry at No. 1 and the three Yale men, Mills, Iglehart, and Rathborne, behind him.

TODAY there is more real pleasure to be had in watching Old Aiken play than can be found in any other polo event except an International match. Polo played by men who have been together as these boys have is a more rhythmical team game than almost any other sport. The swinging and interweaving of four galloping players who know exactly where each play is going and why is a pretty sight. Moreover, there is something for all polo players to learn from this successful experiment—the value of sticking together. If the older players would stay with one team, even through one season, instead of being Elephants one day and Wanderers or Freebooters the next, the quality of polo would become appreciably more stable.

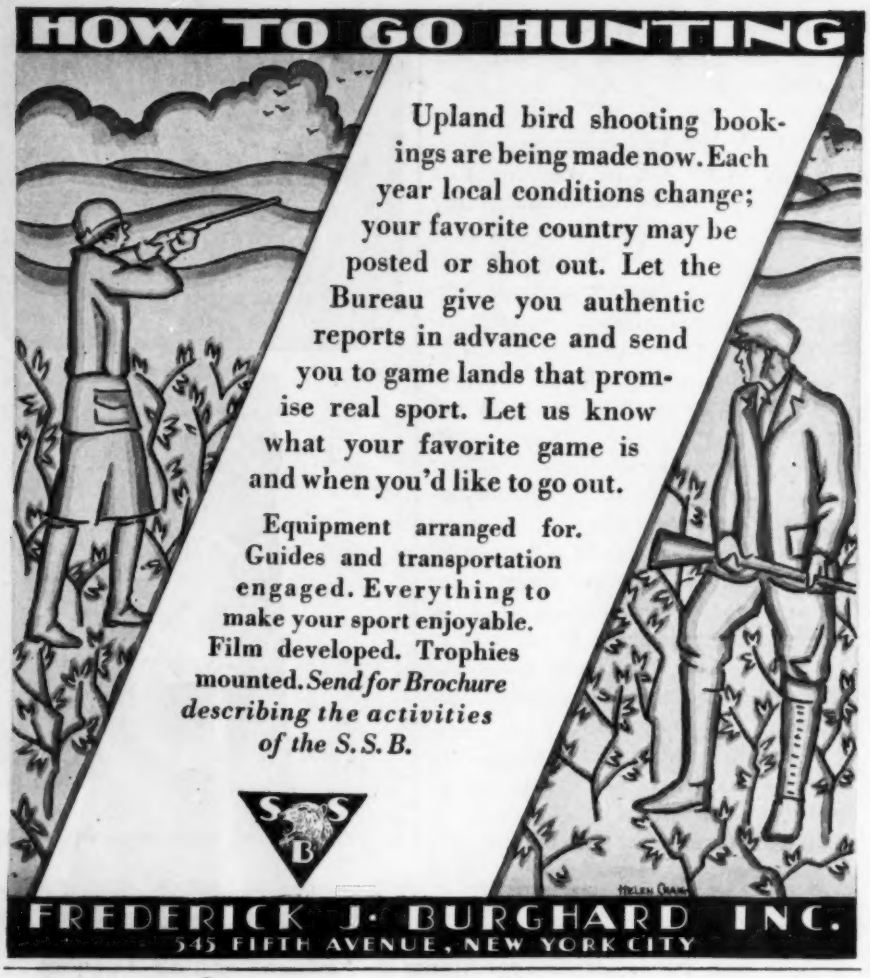
Apparently, though, this would not give the players as much fun. Very probably Old Aiken will break up in years to come, but at present the quartet wants to carry on as a team to the Open championship. They are still several years away from that achievement, but if they stay together they'll win it without a shadow of a doubt.

IT has been interesting to see how the members of the Old Guard of polo have watched over this experiment of theirs. This year, for instance, as Old Aiken prepared to ride out on the Rumson polo field for their first game in the tournament, a black-and-yellow Amphibion circled the clubhouse grounds before landing. It was Jock Whitney's plane, and it bore both of the Thomas Hitchcocks, Mrs. Peabody, James Cooley, and Earle A. S. Hopping. They all watched carefully as the boys played, and at halftime Mr. Hitchcock, Sr., and Mr. Cooley wandered down to the picket line to talk with the youngsters. The Old Guard of polo may well be proud of their team. They have done a good job with it. —MARTINGALE

•

Many a man has flirted with the belle of a fancy dress ball, only to find, when the time came to unmask, that he had been attracted by his own wife.—*Adv. in the Farm Journal.*

And, what is infinitely worse, only to find that he thinks he must write a short story about it.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THE TENNIS OU

Tilden's Four-Leaf Clover The Up All the Coffers—Re

ONE day early in April I was driving to the Bayside Tennis Club with Tilden, and asked how he thought he would fare against the French this year. In reply he took out his wallet and brought forth a dried-up four-leaf clover. "Three years ago I lost this," he said, "just before the National championship. I found it only a few days ago. Unless I am mistaken, this is going to be my lucky year again." Tilden puts extraordinary faith in that faded piece of vegetation. He was convinced that his loss of it had been responsible for the decline in his fortunes on the court, and that with it in his possession again, he would put the French in their places.

By now, however, Tilden must be ready to admit that he needs a great deal more than luck to beat Cochet. They have met twice this year, and each time the American has taken a bad beating. At Wimbledon, Cochet won in three sets, and at Auteuil, Tilden got only six games, the worst showing he has ever made in a Davis Cup match.

He has steadfastly refused to admit that he is no longer as good a player as he was in the days when he had the world at his feet. His contention has been that Cochet and Lacoste have been defeating him, not because he is getting older and slowing up, but because they have been getting better. There is no doubt that they have improved, but if the entire contention will hold water, then Cochet and Lacoste must be rated ahead of Tilden in any ranking of the greatest players of all time, which I don't think they should be. It is my belief that Tilden, with his tremendous speed and resourcefulness, ranks above both Cochet and Lacoste; that at his best he would have beaten the Lacoste of today in spite of the sureness of Lacoste's return, and would have defeated Cochet in spite of the fact that Cochet has the most gifted hand that ever touched a lawn-tennis bat, and greater natural ability than Tilden ever had.

THAT, however, is really neither here nor there. The question is whether Tilden is ready to admit that the French are his masters, and so retire from Davis Cup competition. I

...OURTS

...The Name That Fills ...thout Lacoste—Finale

know that he has already stated in print that this is his last year of international tennis, but he said the same thing in 1928 before he went to Europe, and he may be saying it again in 1930.

So long as Tilden is the ranking player of the country it is his privilege to play on the team. His long years of service merit that consideration. But after what happened in the challenge round last week, it is to be hoped that he will step aside and pass the burden to younger shoulders, even if he should regain the National championship in September and prove himself to be the ablest player we have. It is not adding anything to the lustre of his name to take such beatings as Cochet administered to him, while it would make him all the greater if he gracefully retired, sacrificing his rights for the ultimate recovery of the Cup. The Davis Cup Committee also will be making a sacrifice when it enters a team that does not include Tilden, for his is still the name that fills the stands and the coffers, not only of the Lawn Tennis Association, but also of the nations against which he plays.

FRANCE's victory this year should give the French greater satisfaction than either of their first two victories. It shows that without Lacoste France is still supreme; and that should set at rest all worry over the possibility of Lacoste's complete retirement from tennis. He has been giving less and less time to the game since he helped to wrest the Cup from the United States, allowing his American title to go by default in 1928, and remaining out of the Wimbledon tournament this season. It is not unlikely that in the future this serious-minded young man may devote himself entirely to business.

A year ago the thought of losing Lacoste would have left France panicky; now that Borotra has filled the breach well the thought is not so terrifying. While not as young as Cochet and Lacoste, Borotra still has two or three years of first-class tennis ahead of him, in which he can help hold the fort while France is developing her young reserves.

IF France found reason to take particular satisfaction in the matches last week, so did the United States. Lott, Van Ryn, and Allison, the three

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NEWS
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youths on whom America's hopes are largely centred, got into the challenge round for the first time, and the experience should do them a great deal of good. Van Ryn and Allison's splendid victory over Borotra and Cochet establishes them as the leading team of the world. Borotra and Cochet no longer can be placed at the top in a world's doubles ranking.

The performances of this young Princeton-Texas combination constitute one of the most amazing ascents to stardom tennis has witnessed in many years. In the United States, Van Ryn and Allison had met with indifferent success, playing brilliantly at times, and losing to teams rated below them on other occasions. In the May practice matches at Huntingdon Valley, Philadelphia, Hennessey and Mercur beat them on an average of three times out of four. Allison played poor tennis throughout the American-zone ties, and for this reason it was thought that he and Van Ryn had little chance of getting into the Cup play abroad.

Van Ryn has been regarded for two years as probably the foremost doubles player in America, and his work abroad has won him the recognition he deserves. With so many notable conquests behind them, Allison is likely to gain the confidence that he needs to put him in the same class with his partner. Any time this pair loses a match now will be an event.

Lott's showing against Borotra also is highly encouraging, and indicates that he will have to be regarded as a formidable player in another year or two. A little more experience might have made him so this year. As it was, he took a set from Borotra, and led him at 5–3 in the last one, which was all that could have been asked of him in his first year as a challenge-round player.

THE Cup still remains in France, and it may stay there for another year or two, but 1929 should be set down as the first year in which the United States definitely began to make progress toward its reclamation. —A. D.

•

In the afternoon Miss Jennie Jones of Cornell College spoke to the Home Bureau on "Civil Rights." In her talk she strongly emphasized the importance of putting one's family first, then the thoroughbred stock, well-fertilized land, etc.—*Walden (N. Y.) Citizen Herald.*

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THE SPIRIT OF THE THING

I DESCENDED at Larchwood, bag in hand, and looked about for Charlie, but Mrs. Keech bounced up instead. She was a buxom little woman, with a serious outlook and six children. I remembered, vaguely, that she was sponsoring a new school of some sort.

"And how is the school going?" I inquired, as we sped off.

"Splendidly," she cried heartily. "It is going to revolutionize education. We have eliminated all the old feeling of constraint. We are making study vital. In history, for instance, we not only read the period we are studying—we *live* it. This month, as it happens, we are medieval. See?"

Mrs. Keech flipped open her duster, to reveal a robe of purple brocade and clanking chains of gold. "Isn't it quaint?" she cried, eyes sparkling.

"It's charming," I said nervously, watching the road.

"You won't mind falling in with the spirit of the thing, will you? It means so much, you know. I mean—the complete impression on the young mind." I assured her, as we swept up to the Keech mansion, that I would do anything for the young mind.

MR. KEECH waved from a far terrace, and trotted toward us, surrounded by children.

"If you don't mind," said Mrs. Keech apologetically, "would you just call him 'Sir Tristram,' while you're here? He's Sir Tristram to them, you see. It helps create the impression, I mean."

"Why, sure," I said. "I'll call him anything. Hello, Sir Tristram."

"Pretty good, Bill," said Charlie, nervously. He was accoutred in hip boots of yellow leather, and a crimson doublet which bore a vague resemblance to an old dressing-gown he used to wear.

At this juncture, the butler, clad in red and green, appeared on the piazza, and, placing a cornet to his lips, blasted out a few tortured notes.

"The trumpet calls to wassail!" shouted Charlie, in a great voice. "The

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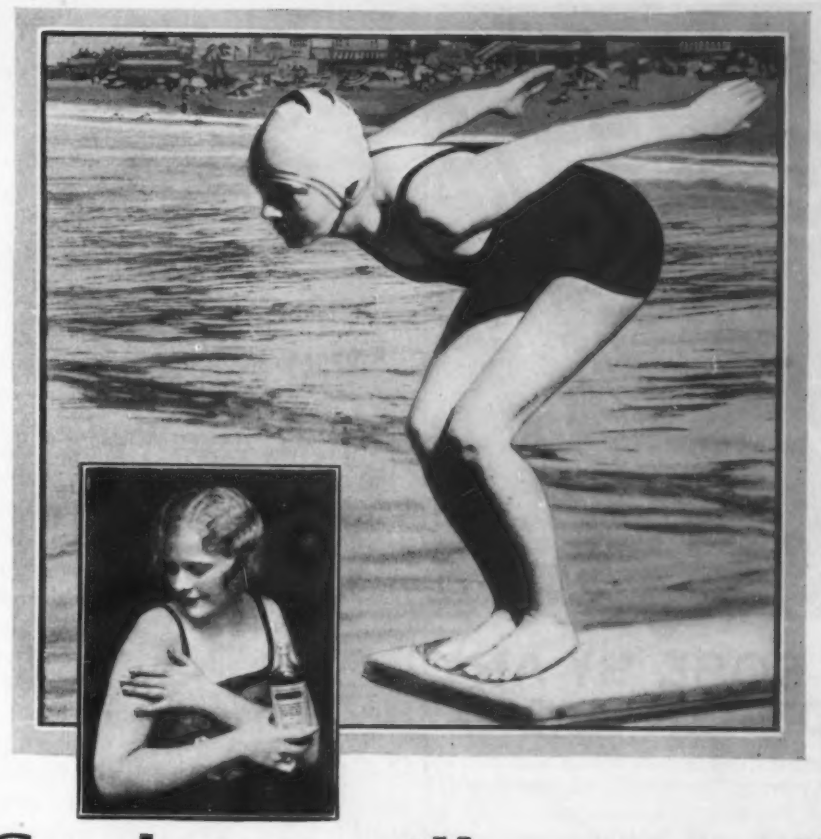

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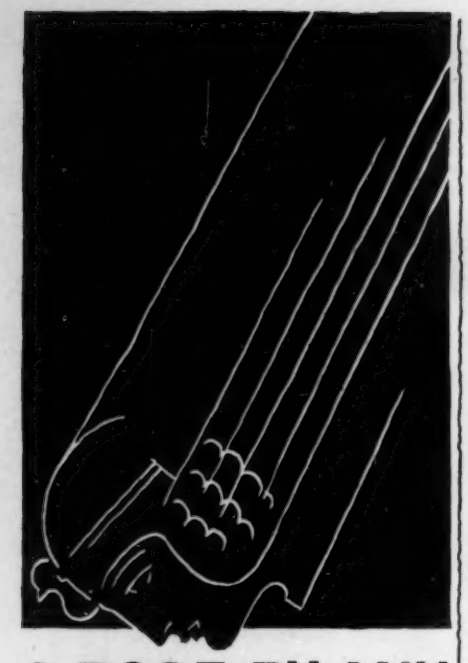

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venison awaits us in yon banquet hall!"

"Wassail, wassail!" piped the youngsters, scampering ahead. "Last one in's a rotten egg!"

The dining-room was medieval. The windows were shrouded, making candles necessary. The floor was bare, save for bulrushes on which I tripped in the dim light. Narrow benches had replaced the comfortable chairs around the long table.

"We're just using old pewter spoons, you see, Sir William," said Mrs. Keech, as we sat down.

"I beg your pardon?" I said.

"You're Sir William," chirped Sir Lewis, aged six. He beat the table with his spoon. "Sir William, Sir Gilliam, Sir Ump-te-diddle-dilliam!"

They all took it up, beating time. Charlie beamed. "You see?" he shouted in my ear. "We give 'em free rein—no cramping." "I see," I said. "Encourages originality, eh?"

"Removes inhibitions, too," shouted Mrs. Keech, smiling. "Lady Peggy, take your fingers out of that bowl!"

The little girl looked injured.

"But it says, in the book, that the knights and ladies ate with their fingers."

Mrs. Keech looked doubtful. "Are you sure, dear?"

"Certainly I'm sure," said the Lady Peggy, with asperity. "Ate outa gold dishes."

"Very well, then," sighed Mrs. Keech. "As long as it's in the book."

THE warm afternoon witnessed a very orgy of medievalism. To begin with, Charlie forced me into a halberdier's outfit. It weighed forty pounds, and was hot, though the cuirass probably saved my life during the boar-hunt, when an authentic cloth-yard shaft zinged through the hydrangeas and struck me a numbing blow on the chest.

Along about 5 P.M., it became evident that I was destined to lead the Crusaders in the storming of Constantinople, to effect as glorious a rescue as might be of the beautiful Christian Princess. (A Mrs. Moope, or Doope, Chairman of the School Board.) Seizing a favorable moment, I faded through the bushes, and panted into the back vestibule. The second man, whose face was vaguely familiar, started up guiltily. He wore a costume with a collar ruff.

"Hello," I said, throwing down my crossbow. "Tired out?"

"It's wearing," he admitted gloomily. "I was the boar, you know, this morning. And tomorrow I'm a stag. And we don't get enough sleep, with the beds full of those damn bulrushes, sir."

"Hmm," I said. "Bulrushes. By the way, could you use five dollars?"

He nodded gratefully, smothering a yawn.

"Very good," I said. "Here it is. Now in ten minutes I want you to tell Mr. Keech that I received an important telegram from my partner. Bad news, understand? Anything—calling me back to town. Have you got that?" He nodded, and I sped upstairs as a trumpet sounded a martial medieval note.

—STANLEY JONES

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ABASHED AND DISCONCERTED

Recent News Chroniclings of Profound Embarrassments

LOCALE	THE VICTIM	THE SITUATION	THE EMBARRASSMENT
Valley Center, Kan.	City mayor	Arrested ten citizens for liquor-law violations	Had to free them, as the town has no jail.
Paris	National Congress of Smokers	Elected Mlle. Antoinette Bonpas as Queen of Nicotine	Found that Mlle. Bonpas was the only non-smoker present.
Glen Ridge, N. J.	Ella Smith	Kissed a sick girl friend hoping to catch grippe, and get vacation from school	Next day, found her girl friend had scarlet fever.
Manila, P. I.	Police officer	Received orders to arrest one Pedro Tenorio	Arrived at Tenorio's home, to find he had died in 1920.
San Francisco	Ethel Kaufman	Arrested for shoplifting, she tried to hypnotize policeman into releasing her	Was bundled into patrol-wagon.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY, INC
417 Fifth Avenue New York

TANGEE TAN

LONDON LETTER

LONDON, JULY 24

DRESS reform is beginning to assume quite creditable proportions. When anything of this kind finds its way into *Punch*, it is a sure sign that a movement has sprung up worthy of being recorded in history. The dress reformers would put us all in abbreviated pants and short-sleeved, open-necked shirts. Nothing would please these gentlemen more than to see the House of Lords looking like a Boy Scouts' Jamboree, and Piccadilly a welter of chests bared to the "health-giving rays of the sun." (What sun?) These people are moving in the wrong direction, though. The masculine knee was never a lovely object, and I, for one, can see nothing wrong in the simplified lines of our present costumes, which are altogether in keeping with the theories of modern art.

The new clothes have even appeared in the streets. We have had a "Dress Reform Sunday," and I encountered Ernest Thesiger ambling through the Green Park in heliotrope shorts and a magenta silk shirt. Ernest Thesiger, however, besides being one of our cleverest character actors, has always been eccentric in the sanctuary of his home, having a predilection for plum-colored plush upon his person, and a simple passion for stitching embroidery. The strangest things may happen in London without comment. G. K. Chesterton once regularly made his way down Fleet Street to Groom's Café for lunch, bouncing a small india-rubber ball.

If dress reform is generally taken up at all, I prophesy it will be in the direction of the Early Victorian trouser, tail coat, tall hat, and something frilly at the neck. At the amazingly successful "1860 party" given recently, costumes intended to be amusing achieved the surprising effect of being very nearly distinguished.

TALKING of parties, the Friendship, a retired windjammer moored just by Westminster Bridge, has been the scene of some really rather remarkable affairs. One of our brighter bright young things made the unexpected discovery that the old hulk could be hired very reasonably for the

DANCE HITS FROM "The LITTLE SHOW"

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OR WHAT HAVE YOU

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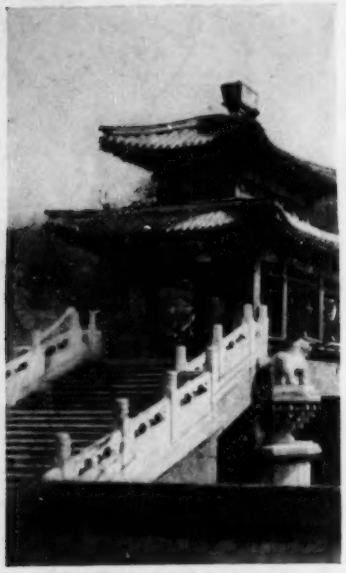

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night, and there has been such a rush of enterprising hostesses with broad ideas and marriageable daughters to take advantage of its facilities that breakfast on deck in the scarcely Treasure Island atmosphere of the Houses of Parliament and St. Thomas' Hospital has become almost boring. We have had a strange crop of freak entertainments this season, the latest and most extraordinary effort of the dowagers being the "babies' party" a few nights ago, when all the guests arrived in crawlers and comforters, and cocktails were served in the nursery by nannies—in feeding bottles and nursery mugs. The ordinarily respectable purlieus of Princes Gate were a morass of parked perambulators and gocarts all night, and the apex of deliberate imbecility was reached when a couple of infants arrived on donkeys, which they insisted on riding over the polished parquet of the hall, so that one of them slipped and fell on the butler.

I SUPPOSE the two people who may take most of the credit for originating this kind of thing are the Honourable Stephen Tennant and his wife, Hermione Baddeley. From the simple beginnings of pajama parties, and jug-and-bottle parties, through the more ambitious effort of champagne and swimming in the rather squalid surroundings of the St. George's Baths, the idea has now widened to its present scope. In his lucid intervals Stephen Tennant was the announcer whose voice broke the heart of so many flappers over the radio; and Hermione Baddeley achieved the guerdon of immortality for liberating the inhibitions of all good Englishmen by the way she smashed plates in "The Likes of 'Er." Now they have forsaken the fleshpots for a ranch on your side of the water. Their charwoman (who is also my charwoman) assures me that Hermione "weren't took wiv the idea at all."

M. DIAGHILEFF is up in arms. The critics of the Russian Ballet have been growing bolder and more

• •

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articulate as the flood of its popularity begins to abate. The trouble with the Russian Ballet is that it has existed too long on reminiscence. The memories of the old Ballet have been strong enough to fill Covent Garden nightly with high hopes which are nightly disappointed. "Ballet," as one understands the term, no longer seems to be included in the repertoire. Instead, one watches three iron bedsteads, constructed on the lazy-tongs principle, expand and contract to the tuneless and preposterous pipings of the oboe which are the Stravinsky substitute for music. One has only to listen to "Ragtime" to realize that Stravinsky composes, if not with his tongue in his cheek, then at any rate with his finger to his nose. One has been always glad to accord M. Diaghileff the benefit of the doubt, but unfortunately it now appears that he does not find his bedsteads and his bits of celluloid amusing in the least, and is as serious in his absurdities as Epstein and Gertrude Stein are in theirs. This is very sad, and seems to give some point to the criticisms which have been accusing the Ballet of acrobatics.

M. Diaghileff retorts, with some force, that the classical ballet was never Russian, but Italian derived from the French; and that his talc and mattress skits are founded directly on the immemorial folk songs of the steppes. That may be true, but in "The Ball" he has bowed his head before the storm and given us as charming a *morceau* as one could wish to see.

THE Earl of Birkenhead was interrupted in mid-speech a few days ago by the strident voice of a woman raised (apropos of foreign policy) to inquire: "What did your government do for us women?"

"Well Madam," replied F. E. in those measured tones which, together with his cigars, have made him famous. "We gave virgins the vote—and we gave maternity benefits to mothers—and we gave widows the pension. And I strongly suggest that you take instant steps to qualify for one of these three classes." —A. G.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Di Pietro, of Miles Avenue, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter. Both mother and baby are doing nicely under the car of Dr. Robert Sievers.—*Bordentown (N. J.) Register.*

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RECENT BOO

A Study in Scarlet— Back—When the Rock- Mother ways

THE idea around which Ellen Glasgow built her newest novel, "They Stooped to Folly," is so amusing that you feel the author had nothing to do but let her pen run away with itself. Miss Glasgow entertains you with the spectacle of three generations of fallen women. They are none of your cheap fallen women; they are fallen Virginian ladies. Aunt Agatha, of the Victorian Era, is more of a fallen dumpling. You see her as an old lady, whose life has been consecrated to repentance, consoling herself with movies and banana sundaes. Mrs. Dalrymple, of the Edwardian Age, wears her scarlet letter jauntily; in fact, she rather makes much of it. Milly Burden, the modern girl, "sins naturally;" she also sins dully and unprofitably. She is honest, but she pays for her honesty by losing the romantic glow of Aunt Agatha's mistake, and the worldly consolations of Mrs. Dalrymple.

These three Magdalens bring their troubles to Mr. Littlepage, a chivalrous southern gentleman. His heart bleeds for them, bleeds all the more profusely because his wife and daughter are such intelligent and flawless ladies. The daughter is a woman of the New South, Elsie Dinsmore's great-granddaughter, and Miss Glasgow damns her fervently and wittily.

For all its pert and saucy style, "They Stooped to Folly" is a sagacious piece of writing. Miss Glasgow presents her Freudian cases with gaiety, restraint, and a touch of well-bred malice. You can hear her ironic laughter above the sound of the sobbing of her characters. She writes as if she had something true and important to say but, being a polite hostess, didn't want to be dull or boring about it.

ROBERT GORE BROWNE, an Englishman, also writes easily and, at times, entertainingly. He writes too easily, however, for his own good, and he is too often trapped by the tricks of cheap fiction. He ought to sit down and rewrite "An Imperfect Lover" —and give the book a new title while he is about it. Mr. Browne takes a

BOOKS

Mother India Answers
ways Wore Feathers

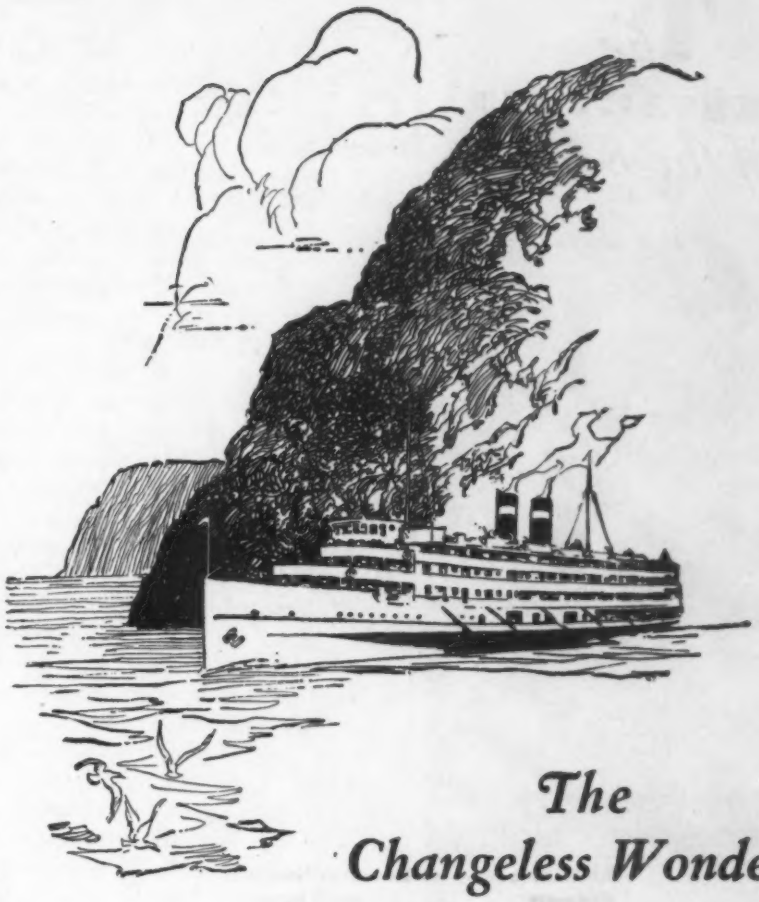
commonplace tabloid episode, turns it into a pitiful and moving tragedy, and then, quite senselessly, wrecks it with unnecessary melodrama.

A man of good family and moderate fortune has an affair with a shopgirl. He has a charming wife, an attractive home, and a pleasant social circle. The girl has nothing to offer him to replace these blessings, and naturally he gives her the air. She kills herself. This, surely, was tragedy enough for the second-rate philanderer, but Mr. Browne spoils the whole effect by having the fellow publicly denounced in a foolish courtroom scene. All this is tosh, not to say bosh. However, those chapters which describe the progress of the sad little love affair are finely done. One scene in which the strange couple seeks the darkness of a cinema palace to settle misunderstandings is really pathetic, and much the best thing in the book.

MOTHER INDIA is still muttering at Katherine Mayo. Mother India is so mad that she has taken to writing books. The controversy is stale, but an Indian—East or West—never forgets. Until now, the quarrel has been unfruitful; but finally, at this late date, out of the ancient feud comes "Uncle Sham," the best comic volume of the year. I am not laughing at its author, Kanhaya Lal Gauba. Nor am I laughing at the naïve printing of the Times Publishing Company at Lahore. The joke is on Miss Mayo, because Mr. Gauba has answered her in kind.

This patriotic Indian has made an intense study of the less noble of our social records and has proved that this country is a paradise of dishonesty and lust. He has ferreted out the most ridiculous of our political utterances and has made a deep investigation of our most astonishing sex customs, as set forth by Bernarr Macfadden and other experts. He has even gone to the trouble of reprinting the house rules of one of the less fastidious hotels in Texas, just to show you that he has the true spirit of the reformer.

The book is beautifully illustrated with movie stills, pictures from confession magazines, and old news pictures. All this damning evidence proves that strip poker is our national pastime, that our barbershops are infested with lady



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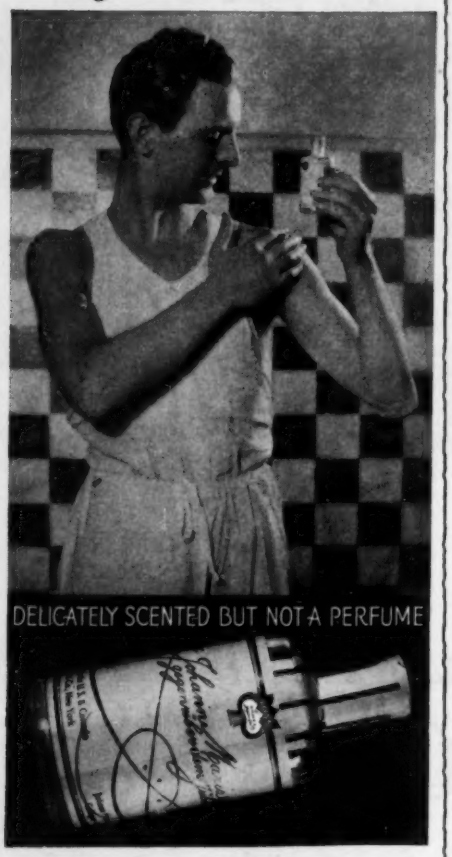

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barbers, and that chastity is extremely rare in Denver.

Of course, this was Miss Mayo's method of dealing with India. It is, in fact, the basis of all international mud-throwing. Mr. Gauba calls us every sort of name, but he has justice on his side. His book is in the worst possible taste. So was Miss Mayo's.

All those who make a business of collecting literary oddities will want this book in their libraries.

IN comparison with Mr. Gauba's passionate vituperation, "An Englishman Defends Mother India," by Ernest Wood, is rather academic stuff, just another brick in the battle.

JACQUELINE OVERTON, the author of "Long Island's Story," is librarian of the Children's Library in Westbury. Her book was written for children, but it is also suitable for weekend guests. She undervalues her painstaking and careful work, for it contains much loving research and a great deal of entertaining material. I, for one, am delighted to know that Brooklyn was once Breukelen and that, in happier days, the Rockaways were a tribe of Indians. Miss Overton begins her book with the arrival of Hendrik Hudson, who was the first person to go to Long Island for a shore dinner, and ends it with Lindbergh's take-off for Paris. The juvenile touch is not too annoying to destroy its general interest. —A. W. S.

•

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY, by Ellen Glasgow (*Doubleday, Doran*). Ironic spoofing of three Fallen Ladies.

AN IMPERFECT LOVER, by Robert Gore Browne (*Doubleday, Doran*). A domestic tragedy that varies between good writing and the curse of cheap fiction.

THE UNLIT LAMP, by Radclyffe Hall (*Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith*). Not quite like other girls.

OVERSHADOWED, by Eugene Löhrke (*Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith*). Not quite like other boys..

HUNKY, by Thames Williamson (*Coward-McCann*). The story of an immigrant, humorously and tenderly told.

WAR, by Ludwig Renn (*Dodd, Mead*). Another German soldier's account of the conflict. This one is good, too.

THE WAVE, by Evelyn Scott (*Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith*). Panorama of the Civil War and a study of a catastrophe. A literary achievement.

PAYING GUESTS, by E. F. Benson (*Doubleday, Doran*). Fun in a boarding house. Amusing, and no strain on the brain.

SEE HOW THEY RUN, by Helen Grace

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Carlisle (*Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith*). Stunt writing about three yearning chorus girls.

Less recent:

THE SEVEN VICES, by Guglielmo Ferrero. FISH PREFERRED, by P. G. Wodehouse. DARK DUEL, by Marguerite Steen. A MAN SCANS HIS PAST, by M. Constantin-Weyer. VISITORS TO HUGO, by Alice Grant Rosman. PORTRAIT OF A SPY, by E. Temple Thurston. VIVANDIÈRE!, by Phoebe Fenwich Gaye.

MYSTERIES
Some recent ones more or less entertaining

GRIM VENGEANCE, by J. J. Connington (*Little, Brown*).... A SILENT WITNESS, by R. Austin Freeman (*Dodd, Mead*).... MALICE DOMESTIC, by William Roughead (*Doubleday, Doran*).... THE JEFFERSON SECRET, by Richard Blaker (*Doubleday, Doran*).... THE DOCTOR WHO HELD HANDS, by Hulbert Footner (*Doubleday, Doran*).... THE BLACK CAMEL, by Earl Derr Biggers (*Bobbs-Merrill*).... A TAP ON THE SHOULDER, by Morrison Dupree (*Doubleday, Doran*).

GENERAL

UNCLE SHAM, by Kanhaya Lal Gauba (*Times Publishing Company of Lahore*). Dirty look for dirty look in the Mother India controversy. One of the best comic volumes.

AN ENGLISHMAN DEFENDS MOTHER INDIA (*Ganesh & Company of Madras*). In case you're still seriously interested.

LONG ISLAND'S STORY, by Jacqueline Overton (*Doubleday, Doran*). Modestly described as a history for children, but really of wider interest.

A CONVERSATION WITH AN ANGEL, by Hilaire Belloc (*Harper*). Collection of lazy essays.

EFFECTIVE CONJURING, by Will Blyth (*Dutton*). How to become a magician—if you've got the equipment.

POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE, by Madame E. de Gramont (*Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith*). The gay recollections of a Frenchwoman with one of those Heaven-sent memories.

THE DIARY OF A RUM-RUNNER, by Alastair Mornay (*Houghton Mifflin*). Further insight into the workings of a great industry.

Less recent:

THE INTELLIGENT MAN'S GUIDE TO MARRIAGE AND CELIBACY, by Juanita Tanner. FROM DEAUVILLE TO MONTE CARLO, by Basil Woon. POPE OR MUSSOLINI, by John Hearley. WAR BUGS, by Charles MacArthur. TRACKING DOWN THE ENEMIES OF MAN, by Dr. Arthur Torrance. JOHN D.; A Portrait in Oils, by John K. Winkler. FOCH SPEAKS, by Major Charles Bugnet. THE WATERS OF AFRICA, by Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis. TWENTY-FIVE YEARS WITH EARL HAIG, by Sergeant T. Secrett.

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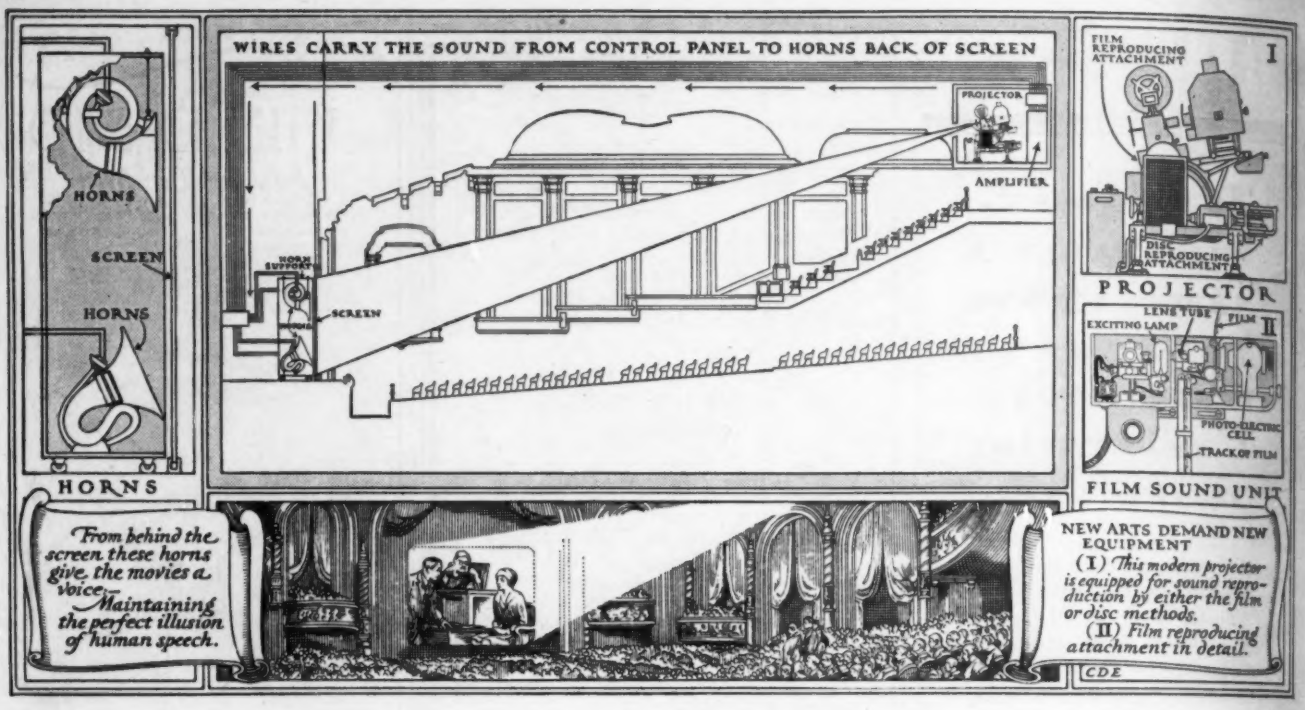

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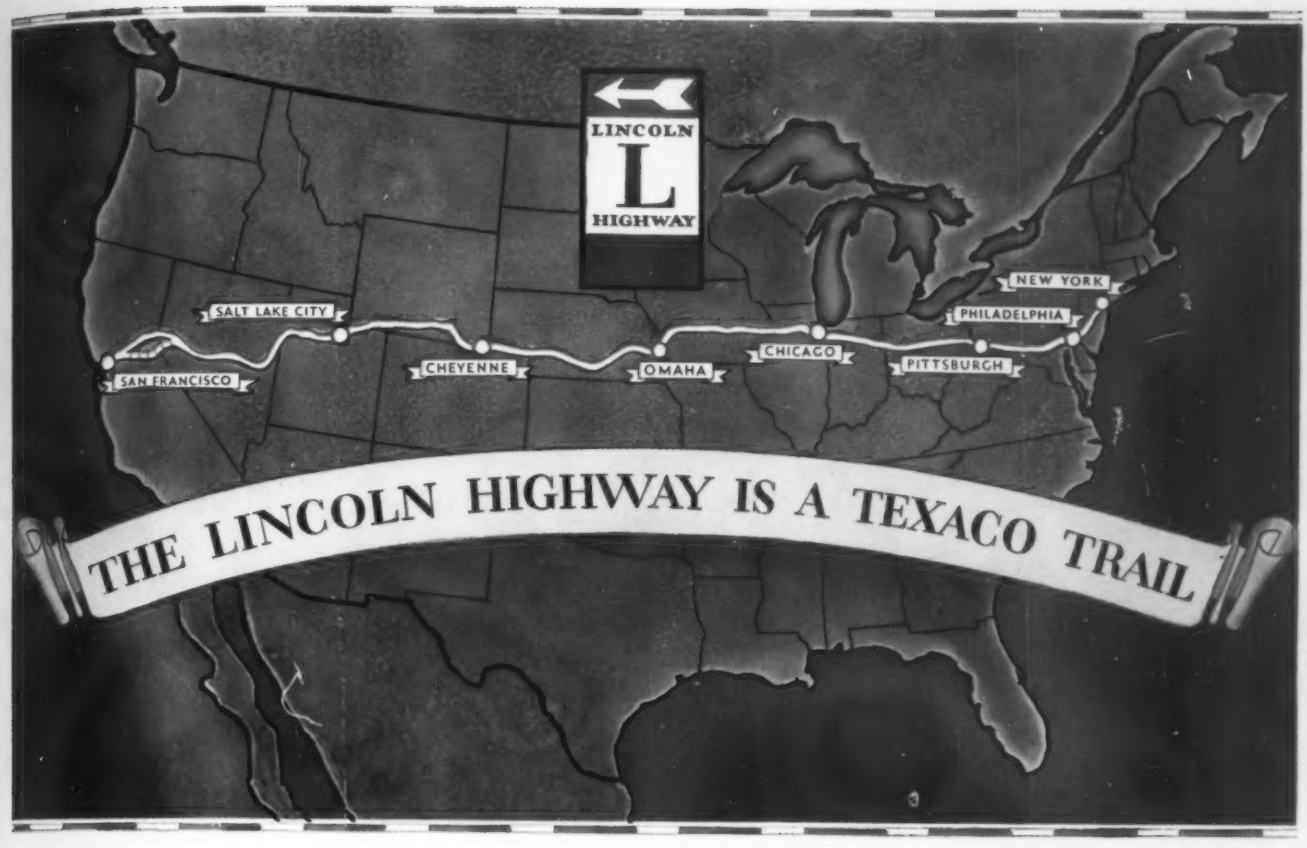

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So miraculous, so ingenious does this seem that no one could blame you for supposing that full color movies are difficult to make. But actually, thev're so simple that anyone can make them.

Easy to take . . . Easy to show

As in every other Eastman development, simplicity has been made the keynote of this modern miracle. The same Ciné-Kodak (*f*.1.9 lens with B or BB model) that takes black and white movies, takes color. The same Kodascope (model A or B) that projects black and white, projects color. You simply use the Kodacolor Filter and Kodacolor Film when making or projecting Kodacolor.

Ciné-Kodak BB – the last word in home movie equipment.

To take movies with a Ciné-Kodak, you simply press a lever. Then send us the film for development, the cost of which is included in the price you pay for the film. It comes back to you all ready to show.

Nothing could be simpler! Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made still photography so easy have now made movie-making equally simple for you.

Have your Ciné-Kodak dealer show you some Kodacolor pictures. Ask him, or write us, for a more complete description of this remarkable home movie achievement. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

KODACOLOR

Home Movies in Full Color